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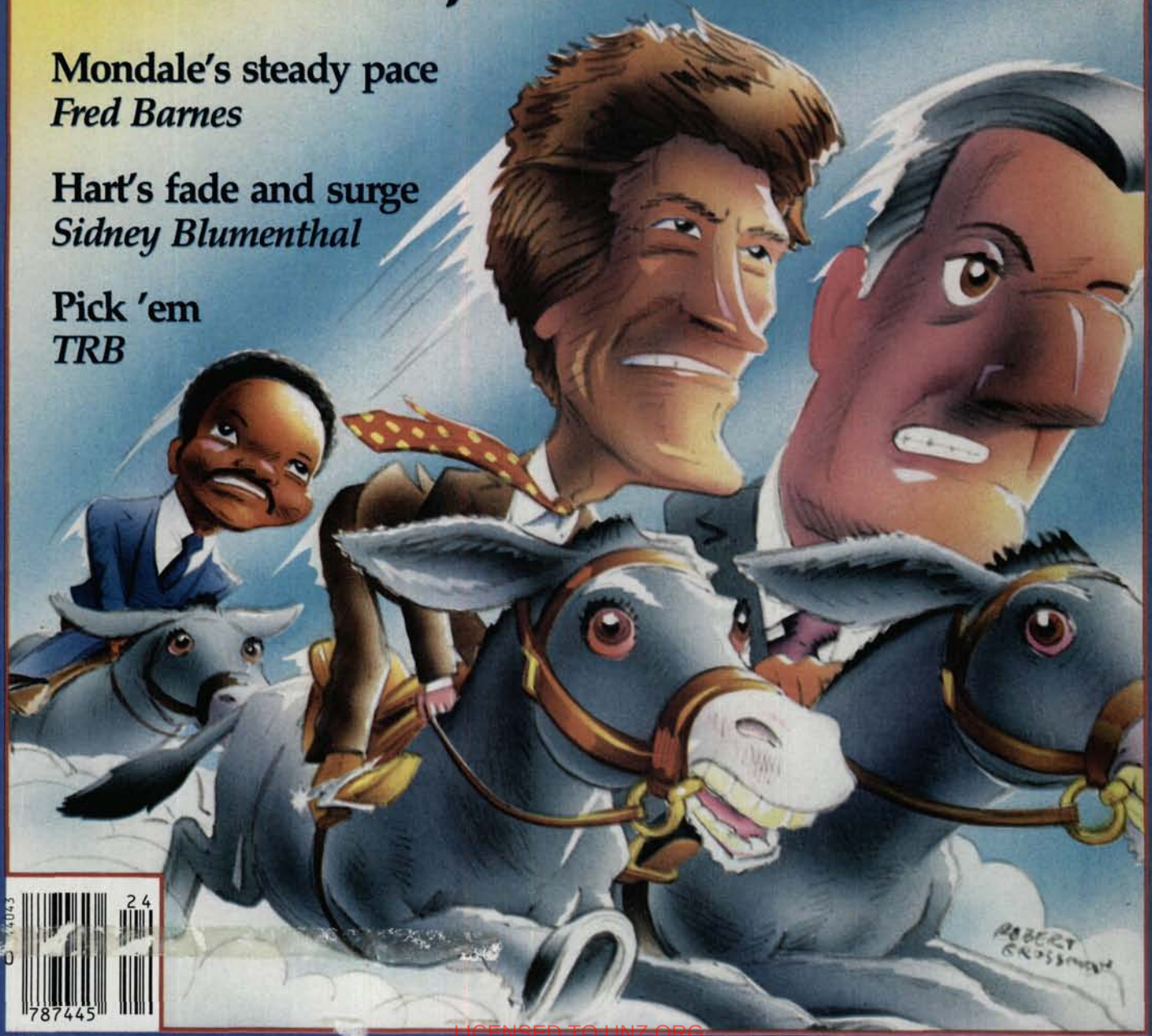

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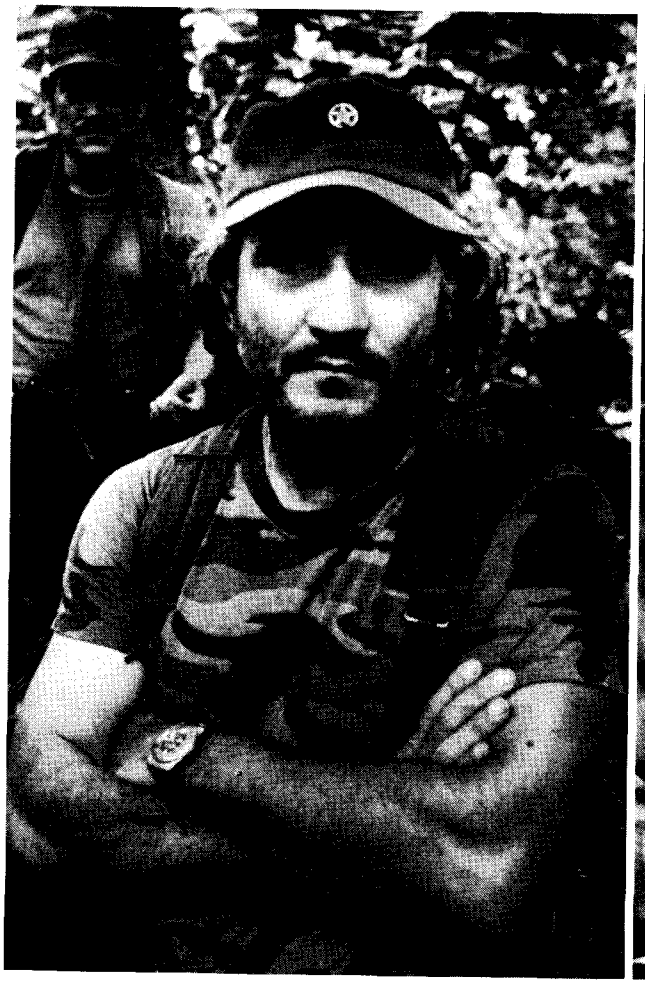

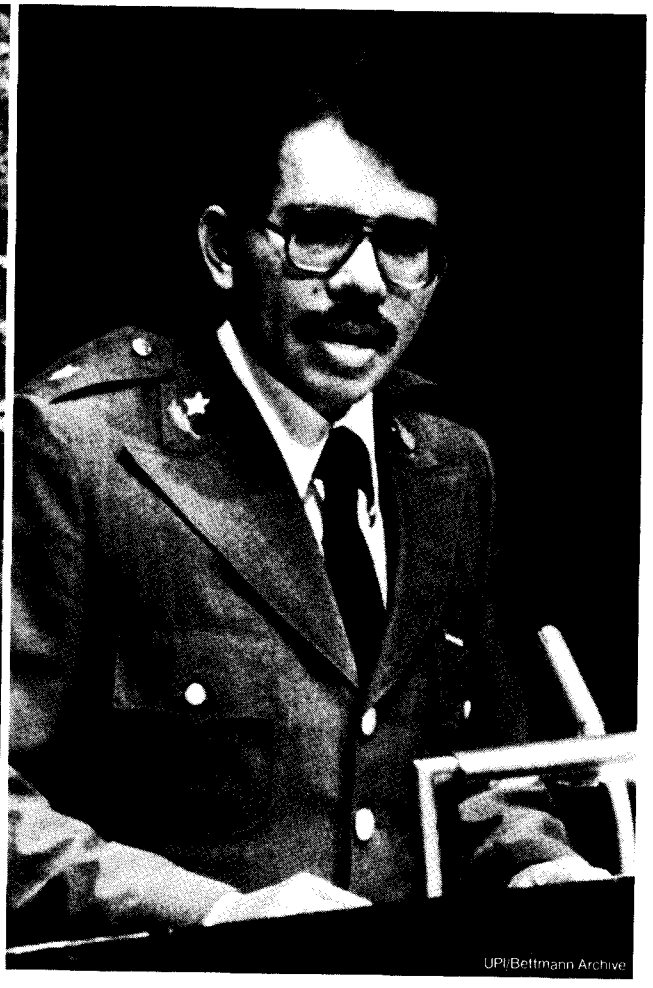

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CORRESPONDENCE

REFINING LIBERALISM

To the editors:
Michael Sandel's "Morality and the Liberal Ideal" (TNR, May 7) is a powerful critique of both utilitarian and neo-Kantian justifications of liberalism. I am skeptical, however, as to whether his "communitarian" alternative tells us anything substantive about the types of community that best develop the capacity of people for self-government.

Though asserting the need for *common* values and institutions, Mr. Sandel advances no criteria for choosing among *competing* values and institutions. He expresses sympathy for communities that, in defense of their "way of life," want to ban pornographic bookstores or prevent industry from moving out. But would Mr. Sandel also defend a community that defended its "way of life" by excluding blacks? Mr. Sandel appeals to traditional values as if such values were inherently rational or worthy of being promoted. But if traditions can at times "root" people, they can at other times shackle them.

To avoid a conventional defense of all self-defined communities, egalitarian "communitarian" theorists have to advance a concept of human potential and of the political-economic structures that best realize this potential. Such questions historically have divided "right" communitarians (in the tradition of Edmund Burke and Leo Strauss) from "left" communitarians (in the tradition of R. H. Tawney and the guild socialists). How would Mr. Sandel argue against those who share his hostility to rights-based liberalism but believe that "the politics of the common good" is best achieved in a society governed by an educated elite?

Mr. Sandel's indictment of "the concentration of power in both the corporate economy and the bureaucratic state" implies that participation in intermediate forms of community (such as the neighborhood and work place) is central to the development of a self-governing citizenry. But what political principles should guide the structuring of such institutions? If, as Mr. Sandel admits, the power of private capital disrupts local communities, what about capital's power on the national or even international level? Missing from the communitarian analysis is any conception of political economy—of how the structure of a capitalist (or state socialist) economy thwarts the possibility of democratic self-governance. Communitarian theorists such as Alasdair MacIntyre and Sheldon Wolin denigrate the modern state as an arena for meaningful collective action. But won't representative political institutions be needed to define and implement political preferences and mediate the tensions that inevitably arise among distinct communities in any complex society? Perhaps it is time to move beyond critiques of liberalism toward a more substantive democratic theory of community and politics.

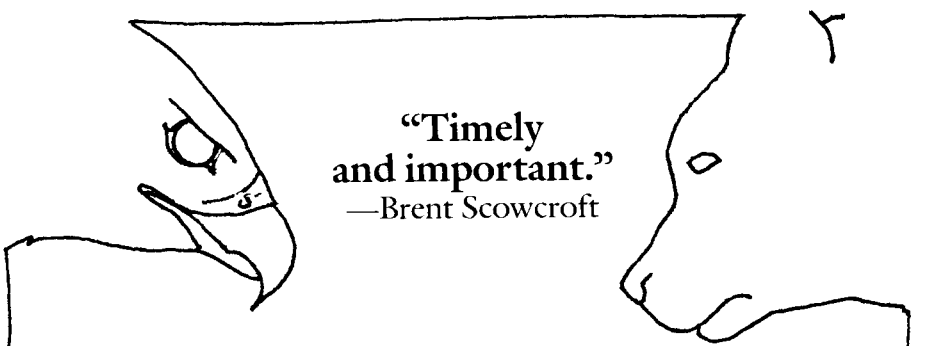
JOSEPH M. SCHWARTZ
Cambridge, Massachusettts

DISMAYING SLUR

To the editors:
As a subscriber to TNR, I have always supported its stand against anti-Semitism and other forms of bigotry. Therefore, my dismay is all the greater to find Martin Peretz referring in his "Washington Diarist" (TNR, May 7) to an Arab character in an American Repertory Theatre production as: ". . . a crazed Arab to be sure, but one crazed in the distinctive ways of his culture. He is intoxicated by language, cannot discern between fantasy and reality, abhors compromise, always blames others for his predicament, and in the end lances the painful boil of his frustrations in a pointless, though momentarily gratifying, act of bloodlust." I can imagine TNR's outcry if all Jews or Jewish culture were characterized on the basis of the West Bank Jewish terrorists who bomb Arab sites. Perhaps TNR should spend some time looking into its own prejudices before it gets back to its own crusades. The magazine's fight against anti-Semitism and other forms of racism loses its credibility when it allows such slurs against other people.

MARION KAPLAN
New York, New York

The editors reply:
See this week's "Washington Diarist."



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FROM WASHINGTON

TIT FOR TAT

The less substance that distinguishes competing candidates the more bitter their campaigns are likely to be. And so we have had, these last months, an especially bitter race for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, causing party conciliators to despair that disunity will be the face put before the voters and against Ronald Reagan. What has been happening between Fritz Mondale and Gary Hart, in fact, is a classic instance of what Freud called "the narcissism of small differences."

The acrimony that has made this campaign so notably unelevating reflects more, however, than a mere effort to disguise the wide areas of agreement between the top two contenders. It reflects also the annoyance of the two camps, each with the other, that the path of history is being obstructed by interlopers.

To the Mondale campaign, the entire Hart enterprise is a usurpation by an upstart who has not waged the struggles, made the costly choices, understood the complexities, tended to the constituencies, or even been bored through enough Jefferson-Jackson Day dinners, those tedious annual rites which are about all that make the Democratic Party a party. To the Hart campaign, Mondale represents the dead hand of the past, the shoddy compromises, the inconsistent allegiances, the bankrupt assumptions, the tired rhetoric—all the characteristics of the old politics that, it is said, should not and will not appeal to a generation of new voters. There is a lot of nastiness in these polar postures: the impatient nastiness of those eager to claim what seems long overdue, and the impatient nastiness of those who know that opportunity does not always knock twice.

Surely no great principles underlie the present confrontation, as they did the insurgency in the party in 1968 or the vast apostasy from its nominee in 1972. But Democrats do not want to have it appear that churlishness alone, or churlishness fed by frustrated ambition, animates them at the moment of quadrennial national crisis. Something more high-minded must be mustered both to explain and to continue to fire their exuberant discord. This is why we have had to endure preposterous charges and countercharges of infamies and betrayals. It's hard to tell which side has insulted our intelligence more. Perhaps we'll only be able to tell for certain once the victor has raised his arm in triumph in San Francisco.

A common weapon in domestic political warfare is the "compassion index," which Democrats had used successfully against Republicans for a generation after Herbert Hoover. In 1968 Democrats turned it on their own when Robert F. Kennedy found Eugene McCarthy wanting in this regard. Now Fritz Mondale, not more truthfully, has charged that Gary Hart is indifferent to the poor and callous on civil rights. There is nothing in any of this. Virtually all Democrats agree about what to do to help the poor, though their enthusiasm for federal programs has long since waned. Among the Democrats there also is an all-encompassing consensus on civil rights—on programs that have worked and worked well. But neither Mondale nor Hart would want to speak at all honestly about other programs masked as civil rights, the more draconian forms of affirmative action, for example. Should either one of the candidates feel compelled to defer to Jesse Jackson on these, he would not want his deal bathed in the light of publicity.

Tit-for-cruel-tat, Hart has charged Mondale with failing to develop an acceptable arms control position, which these days means pleasing Dr. Helen Caldicott, a difficult task. Difficult for Hart, too, since his past views on weapons and disarmament, like Mondale's, were quite sensible. Hart would have us think Mondale reckless in Central America because the former Vice President might keep a few dozen U.S. advisers in El Salvador; Mondale would have us think Hart retrospectively reckless in the Iran hostage crisis for saying that the long year of the Tehran captivity was not our finest hour. Mondale is in trouble here, since he wants simultaneously to distance himself from the wimpish stigma attached to Jimmy Carter and to appease those elements in the party that found even Carter wanting in wimpiness. Pity these candidates

continued on page 41

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JUNE 11, 1984

AQUINO'S REVENGE

Benigno Aquino is having his revenge. A democrat's revenge is democracy, and though the Philippines of Ferdinand Marcos is hardly that, the elections of May 14 have dealt the cruel and corrupt Mr. Marcos a political blow. The image of Mr. Aquino's body on the tarmac, bleeding from the head, has been succeeded by the image of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen standing in line to repudiate Mr. Marcos's repression. To be sure, Mr. Marcos's grip on the government is still firm. But with the opposition United Nationalist Democratic Organization about to win 80 of the 183 seats in the National Assembly, the character of the Assembly may change significantly. (In the 1978 elections, if they can be called by that name, the opposition won only 12 seats.) For the first time in Mr. Marcos's nineteen years as president, he will have to contend with challenge from genuine democrats within the government. He may even have to contend with a motion to impeach. The motion will fail, to be sure; the government still controls the justice committee of the Assembly. But for opposition leaders even to offer such a motion is proof that Mr. Marcos no longer intimidates them.

All of this springs from a profound national emotion, a genuine popular stirring for democracy. Indeed, the elections not only transformed Philippine politics; they also redeemed Philippine political culture. The Philippines has a rich democratic tradition, bequeathed to it (as Mr. Aquino recognized) by the archipelago's former colonial power, the United States. Mr. Marcos betrayed that heritage when he declared martial law in 1972, replacing ballots with bribes and the constitution with cronyism. In this election the government borrowed $350 million from the central bank for Mr. Marcos's campaign; the usual bribes were delivered, the usual promises made. Yet many who took the bribes voted their consciences anyway. And a large public movement was created for the purpose of monitoring the elections and keeping them honest. A new group called the National Citizens' Movement for Free Elections mobilized about a quarter of a million people to watch the polls; it reported irregularities to the national Catholic radio, and even the government reluctantly relied upon its tally of the votes.

The first steps of the Filipinos in regaining democracy recall the recent history of Argentina, and its stirring self-reform. Mr. Aquino was the Philippines' Alfonsín. (No doubt there are some in the Argentine military who regret having lacked the murderous enterprise of some in the Philippine military.) And there are analysts who argue that Mr. Aquino would have carried the opposition to a majority. Still, the new political fact of life in the Philippines is a movement, not a man. After Mr. Aquino's martyrdom last August, the middle class, the unemployed (now 23 percent of the labor force), and the residents of Manila's vast slums, joined in usually peaceful protests. Businessmen too have had enough of Mr. Marcos's kleptocratic capitalism, which enriches his family and his friends at the expense of everyone else. Mr. Marcos's patent obstruction of the investigation into Mr. Aquino's death has only confirmed the public's deep suspicions about governmental corruption.

The United States now has an opportunity to act more wisely than it has frequently acted in the Third World. There is the argument that the vital strategic importance of the Philippines should inhibit the United States from pressing the case for internal political reform: mention Subic Bay and the subject of human rights is closed. But the proposition fails. In the first place, no Filipino ruler—authoritarian or democratic—will deprive the Filipinos (and, in Mr. Marcos's case, himself) of the enormous military and economic blandishments that the American assis-

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tance provides. Together, our bases at Clark Field and Subic Bay are the Philippines' second largest employer. And because of them, the Philippine armed forces enjoy a working relationship at some of the most sophisticated military installations in the world. The American presence is most endangered when it is seen as favoring the few over the many.

Moreover, the population is restless for the values and the institutions for which the United States preeminently speaks. Mr. Marcos's opponents are mostly democrats. Although the left-wing New People's Army has grown with the injustices of the present regime, the Philippines is not yet one of those morally impossible places where we have to choose between the lesser of two evils. The vast majority of the opposition is not pro-Soviet or even anti-American; like Benigno Aquino, Filipino democrats call the United States their second home. The geopolitical position of the United States in the Pacific will only be strengthened by a Philippine society that has become stable by becoming open.

Indeed, the geopolitical position of the United States is improved every time it demonstrates that it is willing to embrace worthy democrats fighting corrupt authoritarians, especially when it does so *before* Marxist-Leninist insurgents make their false claims to the moral mantle of popular rule. In the Philippines the worthy democrats have emerged. It is time the United States sent an unmistakable signal to them—and to Mr. Marcos—that we welcome democracy's progress.

NOTEBOOK

□ DON'T BLAME Les Aspin. Pity him. He has taken upon himself the thankless task of mediating between Republicans and Democrats on the MX. We thought the Scowcroft Commission had settled the issue last year. It defended the MX—without enthusiasm but with logic—as an indispensable bridge from the current multiple warhead missiles to the more stable world of single warhead missiles (nicknamed Midgetmen). Without the MX there is no hope of doing this bilaterally, since the Soviets would have no incentives to move away from their enormous investment in their arsenal of MIRVed missiles. The problem that Mr. Aspin faced was, on the one hand, an Administration that wants the MX but refuses to give the strategic rationale (it wants the MX as a "bargaining chip" in the abstract); and, on the other hand, House Democrats who don't want the MX, and refuse to bother with any strategic rationale at all. The answer was a Solomonic compromise of the worst order. Mr. Reagan asked for thirty, the House offered zero, so we are now to have fifteen. Furthermore, the House bill provides for funding, but only if the Soviets do not show up in Geneva for arms negotiations by April 1, 1985. In other words, all the Soviets have to do to kill a strategic program that Americans have been debating for ten years is to send a factotum to Geneva on March 31 offering—what? According to the House, the terms under which the Soviets return to Geneva are irrelevant. If, for example, they show up at the negotiating table and propose unilateral American disarmament, that would kill the MX. Arms control is a worthy enterprise, but it is a means and not an end. Content matters, although the House pretends otherwise. In effect, the House compromise invites Mr. Chernenko to help Congress in killing a major Administration defense program; it is another "Dear Comandante" letter—this time in Russian.

□ TEN YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Walter Frederick 'Fritz' Mondale, the handsome young Minnesota Senator, was visibly discouraged as we chatted in his Capitol Hill office the other day. Five months ago, a group of his backers formed a committee to assay his chances of winning the 1976 Democratic Presidential nomination, and he has since been touring the country in a strenuous bid for support. His position on such issues as tax reform, education, child welfare, and the fate of the family have earned him praise, and surveys show that he stands fairly high with local Democratic Party leaders. Nevertheless, Mondale gloomily complains, his drive for recognition has thus far failed to spark much enthusiasm. His attempts to raise money are faltering, few activists are rallying around, and he is registering only 3 or 4 percent in the polls. But Mondale has no intention of quitting; he will continue testing his prospects in the hope that they may look better by early next year. In short, he is one of several Democrats who are striving to break out of relative obscurity and onto the road to the White House." ("Dilemma of the Dark Horses," by Stanley Karnow, June 15, 1974.)

Bretton Woods revisited.

THE CLASS OF '44

Bretton Woods, New Hampshire

TO COMMEMORATE the fortieth anniversary of the Bretton Woods Conference, the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston invited some 150 luminaries to the same grand ballroom of the Mt. Washington Hotel where Lord Keynes, Harry Dexter White, and a supporting cast from forty-four nations hammered out the design of the postwar monetary system in the resolute summer of 1944. Bretton Woods II was supposed to be opened by Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker, but Chairman Volcker, fittingly enough, had more pressing business orchestrating the bailout of America's seventh largest bank.

The disguised insolvency of Continental Illinois was only the most immediate piece of grim background music for Bretton Woods '84. The U.S. deficit remains out of

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control, even with the token "down payment" now making its way through House-Senate conference committee. The resultant high U.S. interest rates are sucking capital out of other financial centers, punishing Third World debtors, choking off Western Europe's recovery, and pulling funds out of poorer countries to finance the deficit of the world's richest economy. As several conferees told the Bretton Woods gathering, the deeper instability results from the dollar playing the hapless role of world currency long after the United States has ceased to dominate the world economy. That anomaly is only compounded by the new, laissez-faire climate of financial deregulation, promiscuous capital flows, and floating exchange rates.

In this global environment, escalating U.S. interest rates have turned the world's monetary logic inside out. With our $100 billion trade deficit, the dollar should be weak. But our high interest rates keep attracting foreign capital to American banks. As a result, the dollar keeps getting stronger, and American products become that much less competitive, widening the trade deficit still further. Instead of exporting goods, we are importing borrowed capital. The American dollar has a rosy glow, but it is the glow of fever. European central bankers are concerned, alternatively, that the value of the dollar will stay too high—and that it will soon collapse.

For the moment, this Rube Goldberg system functions, but with dangerous side effects. But the run on the Continental Illinois Bank suggests on a small scale what might happen when the market turns and foreign depositors suddenly begin losing confidence in the bloated dollar.

THE 1984 Bretton Woods Conference was an academic exercise, not a diplomatic one. But the assembled central bankers, financiers, and monetary scholars reached surprising agreement on three points: the world monetary system is now dangerously unstable; the instability is systemic; and the world's present leaders are incapable of agreeing on any basic reform. Situation catastrophic: carry on as usual. The boldest, most clear-eyed people in the room were all well over 70 years old—veterans of the original Bretton Woods. Statecraft, like lucre, has been steadily devalued since the summer of '44.

The first Bretton Woods Conference was the most successful of the several meetings that fashioned the institutions of the postwar world. Bretton Woods was intended not only to revive world commerce, but to avoid the deflationary effects of the pre-war monetary system. It established fixed exchange rates among the world's major currencies, mediated by a new multilateral agency, the International Monetary Fund. Under the 1944 design, the I.M.F. would provide a flexible source of currency reserves for a growing world economy; a companion World Bank was to provide reconstruction and development loans.

But as the postwar system evolved, the World Bank was never well funded, and I.M.F. reserves never played a central monetary role. The fund was soon truncated into a fiscal scrooge and mere lender of last resort. The de facto common currency quickly became the dollar. The real postwar development bank was the Marshall Plan. The trappings of Bretton Woods were multilateral, but the reality was a Prosperitas Americana.

Even so, the basic system of fixed exchange rates tied to the dollar, with periodic adjustments lubricated by the I.M.F., helped undergird an unprecedented quarter-century of steady economic growth. The Bretton Woods system broke down in the late 1960s as the United States ceased to be sufficiently dominant to have its money play the role of global reserve currency, and the I.M.F. failed to find an effective substitute. The system finally collapsed in 1971, when President Nixon suspended the convertibility of dollars into gold. The last vestiges of stable exchange rates disappeared in 1973, helped along by the first oil shock.

SINCE THEN we have lived in an uncomfortable world of "floating" exchange rates, in which the relative value of dollars, yen, and deutsche marks is set daily by market forces. At the same time, the mobility of capital has accelerated enormously, spurred both by deregulation and by microelectronics. Money now sloshes around the world to the temporary source of highest return; currency values change accordingly. The contemporary world is now one big capital market; the ship is bigger, and the rudder smaller. The I.M.F., far from being a world central bank, bails out the leakiest boats.

This structural shift in the character of the world's monetary system also reflects the reemergence of laissez-faire economics as the prevailing ideology. Milton Friedman has been calling for floating exchange rates since 1953; the new reality should give him pause. Today markets, not central bankers, are dictating the weight of currencies and the global flows of money. In theory, this was supposed to be more efficient; in practice, it has brought erratic swings in the value of money, and escalating instability.

Seen in this light, the overvalued and unstable dollar results not just from the Reagan Administration's untenable combination of a loose fiscal policy and tight money. It is also the consequence of a deregulated world monetary system, with no controls on capital movements and no effective central bank. Any country other than the United States would have had to devalue long ago, for the laws of economics dictate that a big trade deficit weakens one's currency. But because the dollar is still the world's money, we can have a trade balance getting weaker and a dollar getting stronger.

"No other currency could perform that miracle," observed Otmar Emminger, the former president of the German Bundesbank. But, as Emminger warned the gathering, the miracle is unsustainable. It only remains to be seen whether the dollar will decline gently, or crash. The common problem, then and now, is that the U.S. dollar continues to be the standard of world commerce, long after it should have been replaced by a truly international reserve currency, as the founding fathers of Bretton Woods envisioned.

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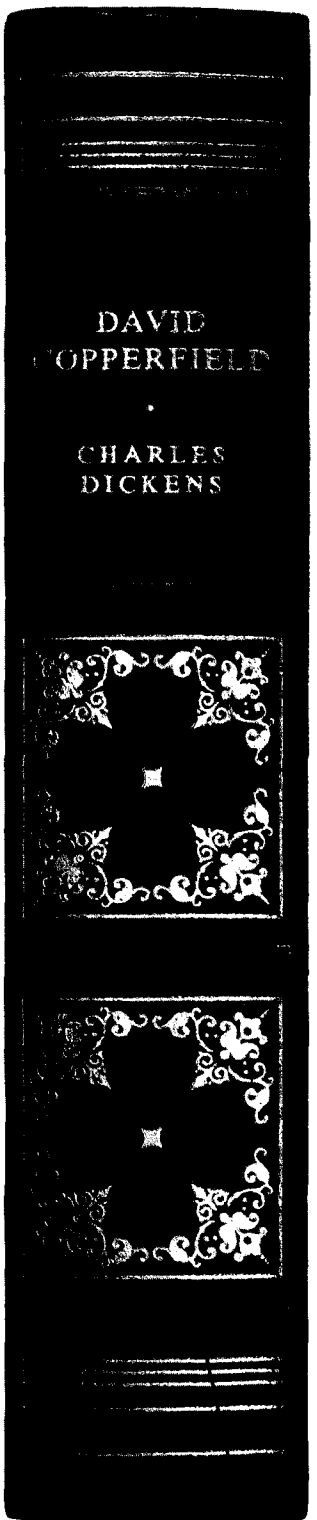

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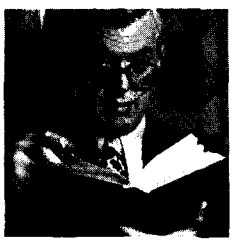

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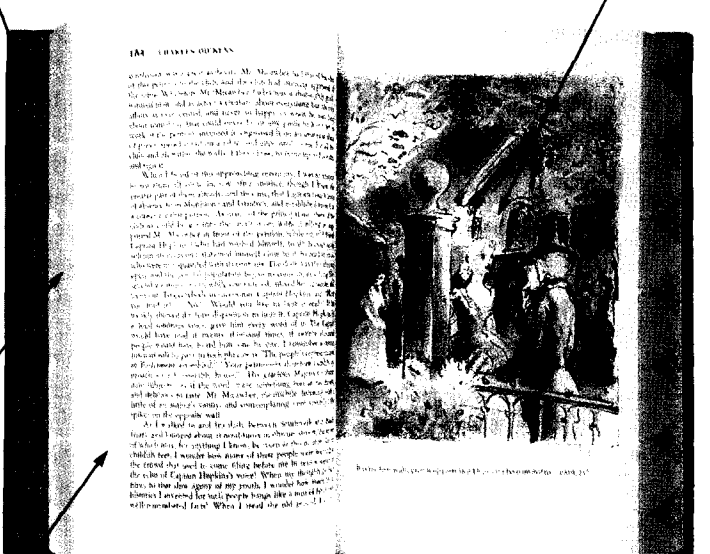

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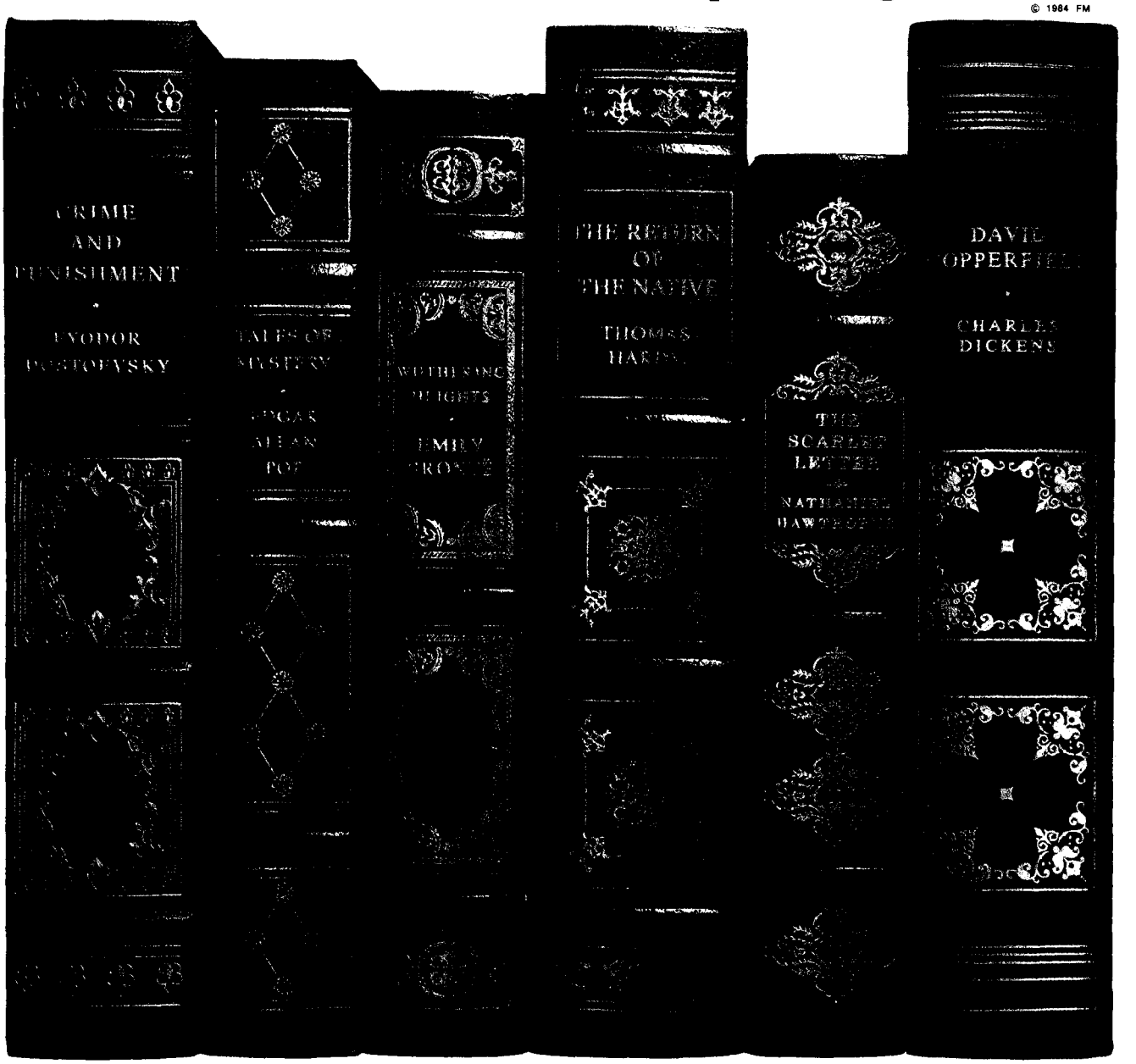

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Several of the experts at Bretton Woods II harked back to the original vision of Bretton Woods. Professor Richard Cooper, a former Undersecretary of State now teaching economics at Harvard, proposed not only a true global central bank, but a global common currency, to solve the exchange rate problem once and for all. But Cooper, as a gesture to realism, located his plan in the year 2010. Robert Triffin, the dean of international monetary economists, and long a Cassandra warning of the instability of a global monetary system based on the dollar, called for a common European currency as a second best.

The British economic historian, Eric Roll, a wartime treasury official and now Lord Roll of Ipsden and chairman of the British house of Warburg, scoffed at the fashionable view that laissez-faire will take care of global currency imbalance. "The price of a currency is not like the price of a pack of cigarettes," said Lord Roll. "The classical economists understood that, and they certainly believed in the market."

Henry Kaufman of Salomon Brothers, no socialist either, observed: "With deregulation has come a terrible loss of discipline in fiscal and monetary policy. Governments have lost control over capital movements; massive debt is the result." John Williamson, a respected economist based at the Institute for International Economics, offered a more politic list of piecemeal recommendations, concluding: "It is sad to propose modest reforms in a place where a great reform concluded."

THE ORIGINAL Bretton Woods Conference was one of those rare historical moments when a tide was taken at the flood, and fortune indeed resulted. The diplomatic failure to design a viable monetary system after World War I and the Great Depression both weighed heavily on the Bretton Woods generation. The lions of 1944 had seen large-scale economic organization successfully mobilize for war and eliminate mass unemployment.

The founding fathers of Bretton Woods, therefore, set out to do far more than return the world economy to peacetime normalcy. They knew from experience that the world monetary system, whether tied to gold or left to float, had a terrible deflationary bias. A national economy that sought to buck the tide and expand found itself paying the price in a weakened currency—as François Mitterrand painfully learned in 1982.

Keynes's objective at Bretton Woods was twofold: to create a world monetary system with an *expansionary* bias, and one that insulated national economies from imported calamity. "We all need to be as free as possible of influence from economic changes elsewhere to make our own favorite experiments toward the ideal social republic," he had written. In 1942 Keynes proposed a global bank, or "clearing union," that would create a reserve currency known as Bancor. Countries that ran payment deficits could draw overdrafts on the clearing union. Countries that ran surpluses would have to pay interest penalties. Thus, in a characteristically Keynesian twist, imbalances would create pressure not on the debtor countries to contract their economies, but on the surplus countries to expand.

The actual Bretton Woods deliberations, in July 1944, were based on a rival American draft proposal by Harry Dexter White, different in detail, but just as Keynesian, which called for a world central bank and a stabilization fund; together they would have added perhaps $60 billion to international liquidity. As Lord Roll recounted, in one of the many reminiscences that illuminated the Bretton Woods '84 reunion, "there was fierce argument over the details, but convergence on the intellectual foundations of macroeconomic policy." Alas, added Lord Roll, "today, no such intellectual convergence exists."

But in many respects there is a fearsome intellectual convergence after all. Where the Bretton Woods generation had painfully learned about the failure of laissez-faire and the possibility of deliberate acts of statecraft, today's economists and world leaders have grown up profoundly skeptical about the human capacity to improve institutions. The current mood is deeply conservative in both senses: committed to laissez-faire, and timid.

Bretton Woods II invites reflection on how far we have fallen from the statecraft of 1944. The Bretton Woods system was intended by Keynes and White as an engine of economic expansion. Instead, the I.M.F. has turned into the enforcer of austerity. In 1944 the chief domestic opponent of the Keynes-White plan was the American Bankers Association. Today the I.M.F. has become the collection agent for big American banks. Within a year of Bretton Woods, Roosevelt was dead, his successors were unwilling to restrict American sovereignty, and the I.M.F. was a shadow of the original design. Keynes soon soured on what had become of his child. At the time of his fatal heart attack in 1946, according to Professor James R. Crotty, Keynes was working on an article which recommended that Britain withdraw.

The Bretton Woods generation understood that capitalism, paradoxically, engenders innovation but requires stability. The efficiency of free markets depends on institutions that can resist the ruinous tendencies of extreme laissez-faire. The ideology of markets, carried to a logical conclusion, collides with the practical needs of market institutions—banks, corporations, consumers, nations. The brave new monetary world of free capital movement, floating exchange rates, and deregulated banking may be "efficient" in some textbook sense, but it is precarious indeed.

Observing the surviving alumni of Bretton Woods forty years later, one could glean a hint of the boldness of the original event. It is surely chilling to realize that the clearest and most daring thinkers about practical world finance are men now in their 70s and 80s. Today instruction in laissez-faire is pervasive. One can only wonder where the next generation of economic statesmen will come from when the newly unfettered free market skips a more serious beat, as it surely will.

BOB KUTTNER

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The inside story of a campaign comeback.

HART'S LIFE AFTER DEATH

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

AS YET another Super Tuesday dawned on May 8, Gary Hart's political obituary was being prepared by hundreds of reporters. Some of Hart's advisers quietly discussed whether their candidate should drop out after the voters of Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, and North Carolina cast their ballots for Walter Mondale. Even Patrick Caddell, whose strategy had guided much of the Hart campaign, wondered aloud at a party the night before the primaries if perhaps Hart should gracefully end his effort in the interest of party unity. At last, the haunting seemed over; Hart would be buried for good. He had given everyone a good scare with his ghostly ability to walk through walls—the old politics, the old ideas, the old generation. But he was a ghost who didn't appear able to step from the shadows to life. His message wasn't real. His constituency wasn't real, at least not like Mondale's. Then the votes were tallied in Ohio and Indiana: smokestack lightning for Hart. All funeral plans were abandoned. Mondale, startled, went back on the attack: "unsteady . . . seven inconsistencies . . . shoots from the hip." The haunting continued.

Hart's first act—"new ideas are the oldest tradition in America"—was a dazzling preface to a drama that didn't unfold. He saw himself in the reflected light of such innovators as F.D.R. and J.F.K. But the mercurial course of his campaign bears scant resemblance to theirs.

In order to win, Hart had to depose the party establishment, which had more control of the nominating process than it had had since 1968. Only through the campaign could Hart reveal Mondale as yesterday's man and impose his own vision on a stunned and waning establishment. The desire to lead the party and the nation consciously into the post-industrial era is no ordinary ambition. For this task, no ordinary organization would suffice. Yet through crucial primaries, Hart's campaign was riven by internal disputes, and never had an explicit consensus on strategy. His spectacular rise in New Hampshire made his aspirations seem to be within his reach, but his equally sudden fall in the major industrial states appeared to nullify his purpose. He did not rise again until the crisis inside his campaign was resolved.

The staff of most successful campaigns have worked together for years—Kennedy's, Nixon's, Carter's, Reagan's, and Mondale's, for example. The Hart staff, however, wasn't a family. It was a disparate collection of high-powered politicos expected to work harmoniously under the most stressful conditions without clear lines of authority. Time and again, Hart would set a strategy, only to be confounded by organizational chaos. His message drifted into static. It wasn't until after the Pennsylvania primary on April 10, after a series of staggering defeats, that a strategic center was firmly established. But Ohio was his vindication, followed quickly by smashing victories in Nebraska and Oregon. His failure and success, to a greater extent than he understood when he began his venture, has been a reflection of his campaign's internal logic.

In December 1983, the Hart campaign was conducting what was called a "guerrilla operation." According to the plan, Iowa would be downplayed; because of a strong local organization in New Hampshire, Hart might finish second there; certain Congressional districts in Massachusetts would be targeted to prove surprising strength; and then in Connecticut Hart would break through. This was a good strategy for someone running for Vice President or President in 1988.

Hart, though, felt his campaign was in danger of fading away. In January he met with his old friend Patrick Caddell, whose research indicated very "soft" Mondale support in Iowa and New Hampshire and the possibility of a Hart blitzkrieg. Hart has always respected Caddell's analytical skills, but hardly accedes to every suggestion. Hart, after all, invented Caddell, hiring the unknown Harvard student to serve as George McGovern's pollster in the 1972 campaign, which Hart managed. Now, after reading Caddell's 150-page memo, "The State of American Politics," he decided to adopt a new strategy (see "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," TNR, February 6).

At the same time, Hart invited another political consultant into his campaign, a Bostonian, John Marttila, one of those who had prompted Hart and Caddell to get together. The son of a Detroit autoworker, Marttila is a liberal who helped elect Robert Drinan to Congress, Kevin White mayor of Boston, and Andrew Young mayor of Atlanta, and he had run Morris Udall's 1976 Presidential campaign. Marttila advised Hart to execute Caddell's general strategy.

Specifically, Caddell argued that Hart could win the nomination only if he finished second in Iowa and first in New Hampshire. In Washington in late January, Hart assembled his campaign staff to discuss this radically different approach. Marttila wrote the key memo, the basis of the debate. He argued that public opinion would be

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changed, not through field organization in Iowa, but through "a major TV investment." Marttila and Caddell carried the day. Iowa wouldn't be bypassed. Instead, hundreds of thousands of scarce dollars would go into media buys there. Hart took out a second mortgage on his home.

THE SHIFT in strategy meant a shift within the campaign. Caddell and Marttila suddenly had influence without defined responsibilities. Caddell was regarded with special anxiety, and not just because he had upset the carefully laid plans of the campaign survivalists who had wandered through the desert of 1983. Dotty Lynch, Hart's pollster, had worked as Caddell's employee for years. She split from him to set up her own one-woman firm. The Hart campaign was her big break. Caddell's presence implicitly undermined her authority, and she was fuming. He's a volatile personality who understands volatile voters. In disagreements he sometimes resembles John Belushi delivering his patented editorial reply of building rage which concludes by lurching over backward in his chair. Caddell had utter contempt for the old strategy, which he believed would doom Hart, and he wasn't hesitant about offering his opinion. Oliver "Pudge" Henkel, Hart's campaign manager, agreed with the Iowa gambit, but he did not appreciate many of Caddell's notions or his occasional fits. A classmate of Hart's at Yale Law School, Henkel had made a considerable sacrifice, giving up a lucrative partnership in a Cleveland law firm, to help his friend. He is dedicated, strong-willed, and inexperienced.

The night after Hart's second-place finish in Iowa, his staff and advisers held a heated meeting in Washington. Caddell argued that the intention of the Iowa effort was to secure victories in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and at least one southern state on Super Tuesday. Henkel, worried about the campaign's stretched finances, reiterated the old Connecticut-breakthrough strategy. He was backed up by Dotty Lynch. The next day the group reconvened with the addition of Marttila, who sided with Caddell.

On February 25 Caddell wrote a lengthy memo to Hart, detailing a strategy to guide the campaign after New Hampshire: "If we do well, the sky and stars are going to fall on this campaign." He predicted that the "focus on Gary Hart would be intense. We must expect that the party establishment would react violently. . . ." To head off the "counterattack," Caddell advised a "deepening" of Hart's themes and messages. As a cautionary tale, he cited George Bush in 1980, who, after winning the Iowa caucus, talked about momentum rather than the issues. "There was no meat put on the bones and the voters began to react, saying, 'What's so special about him?' " (Caddell's meat metaphor eerily foreshadowed Mondale's attack line: "Where's the beef?") Caddell advocated major speeches to "fill in the specifics of ideas, vision, and progam that put substantive flesh on the themes. . . . We must not just let this turn into a personality contest, nor do we want to become an isolated 'outsider' a la Carter in 1976. The trick to retaining the validity of our new-generation-anti-establishment pose and not becoming a total 'outsider' is to make the candidacy a 'cause'—a vessel for a whole generational change in the party."

In order to become a "cause," Hart must reject the old "guerrilla" strategy and decide on an all-out effort on Super Tuesday. Then Caddell laid out strategies for individual states, casting the Illinois primary as "the crucial battleground." The most unpopular politician in that state, Chicago Alderman and Cook County Democratic Chairman Edward Vrdolyak, had endorsed Mondale, reinforcing Mondale's image as "the ultimate hack." Caddell wrote: "In the 1976 Pennsylvania primary, Carter ran hard statewide against Frank Rizzo (who helped in the general) and it worked. I would propose the same strategy in Illinois." After an Illinois win, Hart would move on to "the clinchers": Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania. But Caddell had anxieties about New York: "What concerns me is that Mondale may be able to move the Jewish vote en masse, that Cuomo and the unions will be effective at moving blue-collar voters, and that a Westerner may not go over big stylistically. These may all be groundless fears, but a note of caution is in order."

The night before the New Hampshire primary, Hart sat in his hotel room with Caddell, reviewing the memo. The candidate already knew from tracking polls that he would win. He was ecstatic. Earlier that day he told me: "I'm about 100 percent inevitable." Yes, he told Caddell, yes, go for it.

The next day a group of big-money fund-raisers from around the country gathered in Manchester, assembled by Hart and Caddell; although they were new to the campaign they were eager to raise millions. Caddell drove to the meeting with Henkel, who had perused his memo. "Interesting," Henkel said. He was thinking about the campaign's nearly depleted treasury. He was also plagued by dreams of reliving John Lindsay's ill-fated 1972 campaign, which wasted its gold in Florida, now looming as a Super Tuesday state. Facing the anticipatory crowd, Henkel revealed his fears rather than the campaign's possibilities. "We will not be washed up on the beaches of Florida," he announced. He unveiled the old plans for the Connecticut breakthrough, as though the breakthrough wasn't happening in New Hampshire as he spoke. Many of the money men were bewildered. Caddell rolled his eyes to the ceiling and stomped out. Hart arrived after Caddell's unceremonious exit. Later, he reassured him that he would straighten everything out. The calendar, however, was assuming control; time ruled intentions. The Maine caucus was in just four days, on March 4.

IN BOSTON, John Marttila and his associates swiftly prepared newspaper and radio ads for Maine, which instructed voters where the caucus sites were located. Unless this material was broadcast to potential Hart supporters, the Mondale machine would win through superior field organization. Not until one in the morning on the day the ads would run did the Washington headquarters of the Hart campaign send word that it would authorize

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and pay for them. Without these ads, there would have been no Maine victory. Marttila won Maine by audacity.

On March 3 Caddell wrote Hart a long letter warning him that there was no overall coordination, no significant polling operation, no meetings of senior advisers. He admitted that his personality was controversial, but claimed that envy might have something to do with the resentment directed at him. He suggested that if Hart felt his involvement jeopardized the campaign he would quit.

BY NOW Hart was living a surreal existence in a campaign airplane, racing madly from state to state, making as many as eight stops a day, low on sleep. He was exposed to millions, but isolated from almost all normal human contact. Communication between the plane and the Washington headquarters was erratic. The plane and the headquarters feuded constantly over the schedule, which changed daily. There was no speechwriter on the staff, and no one investigating Mondale's record. Every night at about midnight the small staff on the plane would arrive exhausted at a hotel in some strange city and begin working feverishly on the next day's talking points. Staffers in the headquarters charged that the staffers on the plane were usurping power, while those on the plane charged they weren't getting sufficient support. Hart was so consumed by the frenzy that he didn't have time to answer Caddell's letter. There was still no strategic center. Destiny substituted for plans—an opportunity for Mondale to do Hart's planning for him.

In the meantime, Caddell and Marttila had informally agreed on a natural division of labor for Super Tuesday. Caddell headed South, where the Hart-wave was cresting. He had gained de facto control over the media production, and made big media buys in four states without the headquarters' authorization. Hart intervened, approving the pollster's decision. Dotty Lynch, for her part, subcontracted Gene Pokorny, a former Caddell partner, to do a poll for the campaign. The Pokorny-Caddell divorce had not been amicable, and at the moment Lynch gave Pokorny a piece of the Hart business, he was suing Caddell. Tracking polls still did not exist in key states. So Caddell conducted two without the headquarters' knowledge.

In New England, Marttila was setting strategy, creating newspaper ads, buying space, sometimes on his firm's own credit, and waiting late into the nights for approval. What Caddell and Marttila called privately "the peripheral campaign" now flourished. They understood the imperative of speed in Presidential races, and they began coordinating plans and sharing information. The headquarters knew only part of what they were doing. Caddell and Marttila were both alarmed that there was no center. Marttila tried to inform the headquarters of what was going on, but the leadership there did not thoroughly comprehend the necessary pacing. He labored assiduously to remain on good terms with all sides because he believed the campaign would fail without harmony. Caddell had warned Hart that "the peripheral campaign" had come into being in his March 3 letter. He wanted to quit after Super Tuesday, but Marttila convinced him to stay. Hart himself asked Marttila to settle the problem. But the feelings at the headquarters were growing increasingly bitter about Caddell. He was not considered a team player.

On Super Tuesday, Hart scored extraordinary victories in every primary except Alabama and Georgia. Two weeks earlier he had been virtually nonexistent in the polls of states that he was now carrying by landslides. His accomplishment, given the imbroglio within his campaign, vividly demonstrated Mondale's "softness." Hart might even have won Georgia, which he lost by a whisker, if Henkel (with Hart's approval) hadn't canceled the Caddell-initiated ad which said "unions and the special interests are against Gary Hart because he stands in their way." Hart regarded the reference to unions as offensive.

Despite his Super Tuesday triumph, Hart received no boost, according to his private polls. His momentum slowed as the victories increased. Many of the reporters who had missed the story of his rise sought to compensate by fixing upon his name change from Hartpence to Hart, his inexplicable explanation of why he had said he was 46 when he was 47 (his wife couldn't figure it out either), and the change in his penmanship over the decades. The persistent questions of the press raised doubts about the character of a largely unknown political figure just as he was emerging in public consciousness. The Mondale campaign seized the underdog role and skillfully convinced the press that a Mondale victory in any primary on Super Tuesday would constitute a comeback. Hart's campaign, however, had planted no seeds of interpretation. Thus Super Tuesday wasn't hailed as a Hart triumph, but as a come-from-behind Mondale draw.

Within a few days after the New Hampshire primary, Mondale had negative television commercials about Hart on the air—a dimming light bulb representing "new ideas," for instance. By Illinois, Mondale had figured out how to contrive issues to attack Hart's character. On the screen appeared a blinking red telephone, a cold mechancial object threatening nuclear apocalypse. And remember, folks, Gary Hart is "unsure, unsteady, untested."

ON THE STUMP, Mondale attacked. Hart's aides called it a campaign of "disinformation," saying he misrepresented Hart's position on everything from arms control to voting rights. (Some of Mondale's aides were upset.) Hart's rebuttals were always more complex than the simplicity of Mondale's attacks, and rarely reported. In any case, the target of Mondale's attack was not Hart's ideas but his character.

Hart unwittingly cooperated with the Mondale campaign. For the "crucial battleground" of Illinois, Caddell and Strother produced an attack ad depicting Mondale as the President forced on the citizenry by Chicago boss Vrdolyak. Strother had sent the spot to Chicago television stations for showing the weekend before the March 20 election; unless permission was denied, it was ready to run. On March 15, Strother handed Henkel a copy of the script. Caddell had given the script to Senator Christopher

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Dodd, a Hart supporter, who was headed to Chicago to campaign with him. That same night, Robert Redford and Dodd spoke at a rally for Hart. Afterward, they went to Hart's hotel room. According to Dodd, the candidate was "burned out." Dodd asked him if he wanted to see a script for an ad. Hart just wanted to eat and sleep. At 3 A.M., Caddell called Dodd, who told him "either that Gary didn't want to see the scripts or maybe that I thought they were O.K." Caddell says he had "no impression they weren't approved." The next day, Henkel, unable to reach Hart until 4 P.M., read him the Vrdolyak script. "I don't want it," said Hart. "I don't want any specific reference to Vrdolyak." Henkel asked his deputy, David Landau, to tell Strother. "Bad news," reported Landau, "it's running." At 11 P.M. Henkel informed Hart. "I want it off," said Hart. Strother and Caddell argued that pulling it would be worse than leaving it on. By acting decisively, Hart conveyed the impression that he was indecisive—"unsure, unsteady, untested." According to Caddell's polls, Hart was 2 points ahead when the Vrdolyak ad started running. Twenty-four hours after he yanked the spot he was 9 points behind. He lost Illinois by 4.5 points. The next week he demolished Mondale in Connecticut, where he had orginally planned to stage his breakthrough. The Connecticut win was a pleasant, but brief, interlude.

The Illinois fiasco was almost inevitable. Because of its disarray the campaign could no longer communicate. Hart's inability to convey new information was especially deadly with his base, for the New Class owes its very existence to the emergence of a knowledge-based economy. "New ideas" is the technical skill and the justification of the New Class. When Hart failed to fill in his new ideas, his constituency demobilized.

AFTER Illinois Hart wasn't convincing people that he was the instrument to seek new possibilities. Mondale's strength wasn't his persuasive powers, but his identification with the institutions supporting him. By making Hart appear untrustworthy, Mondale made the primaries turn on the question of faith. Mondale has been the leading exponent of filial piety. He has faced the age-old problem of the orthodox attempting to suppress the heretical: How can one condemn ideas without revealing them? In the battle between the familiar and the possible, Mondale must prevent the possible from becoming familiar.

He repeatedly attacked Hart for having invented himself, labeling him "a Cabbage Patch doll." His accusation amounts to a claim that Hart is a self-made man, and therefore inauthentic. Mondale, of course, isn't self-made; he has inherited his father's business, if Hubert Humphrey is his father. Hart is a new type of self-made man, a product of willpower and graduate schools. He's a New Class Horatio Alger. He wants to have immaculate conceptions, new ideas, although there's nothing more traditional in American politics than the poor boy who aspires to the Presidency, as Ronald Reagan knows. He's able to convince people that he's the instrument they want partly by convincing us that his personal story is somehow the story of America. Hart, though, could not take immediate ideological advantage of his biography. The charge of inauthenticity has been difficult for him to rebut because he remains authentic by being reticent. It is his nature not to display his emotions on his sleeve. He is incapable of saying, like Mondale, that he will "bleed and cry" for us.

THE NEW YORK nightmare that Caddell had forecast as an alternative future descended upon Hart. There were more "mistakes," more organizational civil wars, more defeats. Hart fought authority, but authority always won. During the Pennsylvania primary Caddell became so enraged by what he regarded as bad campaign management that he threatened once again to quit. Those at the Washington headquarters urged Hart to *please* let Caddell go. A close friend of Hart's with far greater persuasive abilities than anyone back at the headquarters, however, was arguing just the opposite. Warren Beatty had been traveling with the candidate since New York, quietly and diligently making a study of the campaign. Beatty had befriended Caddell and Hart during the 1972 McGovern campaign; he's the only person free of faction who's attached to both of them. Beatty is politically sophisticated and has been deeply involved in national Democratic affairs. He believed that Caddell and Hart must work well together for the campaign to succeed, and for that to happen the campaign had to be reorganized. He presented the case to Hart.

Accompanying the roadshow in Pennsylvania was a Washington attorney, John McEvoy, Hart's ambassador to the Democratic platform committee. McEvoy had been Senator Edmund Muskie's administrative assistant and director of the Senate Budget Committee. Hart asked him to create an official position for Caddell, one that he found acceptable. McEvoy made an alliance with Caddell and placed responsibility for polling in his hands, set up a central strategy council, and made Caddell chairman.

At the first meeting of the strategy council, held in McEvoy's law office on April 13, discussion centered on a lengthy memo written by John Marttila. "If we are to have any chance of success," he wrote, "we must run a campaign of absolute strategic discipline, a goal, which, in my estimation, has eluded the campaign for the past three or four weeks." Marttila's memo was ruthlessly critical. There was no "real strategic center," he said. There was "minimal attention to the rotation and weight of our television commercials"; no "Mondale research"; Hart was often "almost totally rhetorical"; he had to be "more passionate and idealistic . . . emotional"; and Mondale's negative campaign worked because "it has appeared to be the campaign of someone fighting for his own political beliefs." Marttila recommended, among other things, that the "campaign must make a major investment in Gary's ideas on the economy." There was not a murmur of dissent.

On April 16 Caddell presented his memo to the group. He showed that in the fateful New York and Pennsylvania

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primaries, Hart had closed to within 3 points just a few days before the voting. In each case, the tide ebbed away. Hart's "unfavorabilities" hadn't increased; voters didn't dislike him. But Mondale's factors—"trust in crisis," "provide jobs," and "leadership"—were given greater weight by the electorate than Hart's—"future" and "excite and inspire." Mondale's campaign didn't succeed in tarnishing Hart's personal standing, but it had controlled the definition of the debate. "The idea of movement or cause of which Gary Hart is the agent or leader of change has faded into a projection of another political candidacy of personal ambition," Caddell wrote. "And new ideas/new leadership is being projected as an interesting idea to consider, not an urgent imperative to save the future." Hart's candidacy had to become a cause battling for the "soul of the party." Mondale's negative campaign "is likely to prove . . . thin and wearing."

Two new people now joined the campaign, recommended by Marttila. One was Mark Green, Ralph Nader's former right-hand man, now head of a small liberal think tank, the Democracy Project. "New ideas" is his stock in trade. A year before, Green had written Hart a note urging him not to accept funds from political action committees. Hart agreed that PACs had a potentially corrupting influence, and he disavowed PAC money for his campaign—a pledge swiftly echoed by Mondale. Green, who was assisting Hart during the New York primary, noticed that there was a scent of funny money. A little investigation on his part uncovered 124 so-called "independent" PACs, funded by Mondale's labor allies, paying for everything from precinct captains to storefront headquarters, incidentally allowing him to get around federal expenditure limits. There were questions about whether the PACs were coordinated by the campaign, and thus illegal. Green advised Hart to demand: Give the money back. He believed the PAC issue would become an allegory explaining Mondale leadenness, his inability to rise from special interests to the national interest—a favorite Hart theme. For two weeks, from late April through the Ohio primary, Green served on the Hart staff, mainly as a speechwriter.

Also assisting was Scott Miller, the former creative director of Coca-Cola's advertising, who had designed much of the advertising for Glenn. He joined the strategy council, and was soon turning Green's PAC issue into a spot.

DRAWING BY ALLEN CARROLL FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

By April 23 Marttila, who took control of media coordination, produced a plan: about half the ads were devoted to the economy. The strategy council was now ready for a two-week hot war. The push began with four major speeches that would be a call to battle. On April 23 Hart declared that the question before the voters is who can lead the country into a "new age": "The challenge and the opportunity is to weld the old economy to the new economy to the benefit of both." At last, months after New Hampshire, Hart was elaborating his message. On April 24, in Ohio, he finally gave a major speech on the economy: "As a general strategy [bailouts] excuse bad management and discourage good planning." On April 25 he delivered a peroration on PACs, ending with the phrase: "Give the money back, Walter!" Mondale was suddenly surrounded by a harassing press. He huddled with his advisers and emerged offering to return the money.

Then, on April 30, Hart tried to taint Mondale with the 1980 Iranian hostage issue. The "days of shame" speech was poorly received by opinion-makers (James Reston called it "Hart's fatal blunder"). The D.C. primary occurred the week of Hart's statement, and Hart's vote there was less than 10,000. This was Mondale and Jackson country. Many Washingtonians were offended by Hart's attack on Carter, and believed it would crush him. In fact, Jimmy Carter remains the most unpopular political figure in America. (Among Democrats, his unfavorability rating ranks only two points above Reagan's. Factoring out blacks, Carter's standing with Democrats sinks far below that of the consummate conservative.) Although Hart's statement was a cynical stratagem, it injured him not at all with public opinion, and it didn't fit the pattern of Hart's past errors of perceived unsteadiness.

On May 1 Hart lost Tennessee. Only 15 percent of the voters bothered to turn out, a caucus-like situation. The electorate seemed resigned to the once again "inevitable" Mondale. The Hart campaign decided to focus its resources on Ohio and Indiana, skirting Texas, a caucus state that Mondale would win resoundingly.

In Ohio, his last hope, Hart said in a new ad that we must "put old industries and new industries together and offer this country hope." In another, with computers in the background, he declared: "These devices are not a threat to steelworkers. . . . It is only new technologies that can make our factories the most competitive and productive on earth." In yet another he stood with a group of

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unemployed steelworkers in front of the closed Youngstown Steel plant. He didn't talk, but listened. He wasn't a loner; he was part of the group. One worker, bald, chewing gum, spoke up: "We've had Mondale, we don't need him again . . . We lost with Mondale before." Hart's slogan: "New leadership. We can't afford to go back."

The classic Hart vote turned out in Ohio and Indiana—the professionals, independents, weak Democrats, and young voters. By making a strong appeal and detailing his ideas, Hart changed the complexion of the electorate. In Ohio 61 percent of the voters were under the age of 50, a proportion approaching the New Hampshire level, compared to only 54 percent in the New York and Pennsylvania primaries. But Hart's margin depended upon cutting directly into Mondale's blue-collar base. Mondale still carried the union vote, but Hart captured crucial bastions, including the economically devastated Mahoning Valley, where Youngstown is nestled.

Mondale's most recent losses are qualitatively different from his earlier rejection in New Hampshire. He has since raised the stakes with his heated rhetoric and the red phone ad, making primary voting a general election decision. He is being rejected on the question he himself has forced: Presidentiality. His earlier comeback was made much easier by Hart's organizational disarray. After Ohio Mondale returned to the attack, expecting to repeat his revival. The notion of an aggressive Mondale after New Hampshire was surprising and novel. But by now his attacks seem like a mechanical reflex, a rerun. He has opened himself to Hart's charge that he, *Mondale*, the quintessential organization man, is threatening "party unity."

According to Mondale, "independents" have no true place in the primary process or the deliberations of the party. His senior aides argue that the Democratic nominee will win the White House on Democratic votes alone. "Maybe a few independents," Bob Beckel, Mondale's campaign manager, conceded at a press briefing the day after Ohio. Yet the numbers show that Mondale has not enlarged his base. Hart believes that by giving independents and younger voters a personal Democratic history, he is regenerating the party. He has not yet managed, however, to reassure those whom Mondale calls the "real Democrats" that his appeal to the New Class doesn't threaten them.

Hart's base is the post-industrial and post-ethnic New Class, a social force that has come into existence since the New Deal. Mondale's coalition does not include them, either in theory or in practice. Despite the jumbled character of Hart's campaign these past months, it has exposed Mondale's fragile hold over the electorate, and the fractured state of the Democratic Party.

How Fritz plans to clinch the nomination.

MONDALE'S ENDGAME

BY FRED BARNES

SOMETIME after the California and New Jersey primaries on June 5, Gary Hart has to make a choice. Should he proceed aggressively with his bid for the Democratic Presidential nomination, or back off and allow Walter F. Mondale to take the nomination without a prolonged, noisy fight through the convention in July? It is an important choice, for it affects in large ways the futures of both men in Democratic politics. If Hart decides to fight, it will mean highly visible clashes on rules, credentials, and the platform—all producing a nasty, divisive Democratic convention broadcast to a national television audience. And even if he wages such a fight, Hart probably wouldn't get the nomination; he's just too far behind in delegates. But he could cripple Mondale's chances against President Reagan in the general election and stir enough resentment to quash any prospects he might have for the nomination in 1988 or later. Still, should there be a glimmer of hope for getting the nomination, Hart might go for it. And thus we arrive at Mondale's next, and perhaps final, challenge before the convention: snuff out any glimmer.

The surest way to manage this is by a strong showing in the June 5 primaries (dubbed "Son of Super Tuesday" by the press). "There are basically four possible outcomes June 5," says a senior Mondale adviser. "One is that we win both New Jersey and California, in which case it [the nomination] is clearly all ours, and I think any continuation of harassment would be counterproductive for whoever might try it. Another is a split in which we will have enough delegates to be nominated, and it's still going to be pretty hard for Hart to get much sympathy for continuing the battle. If we lose both narrowly, we would still have just about exactly the number of delegates needed to be nominated, and he'll be seven hundred votes behind. The

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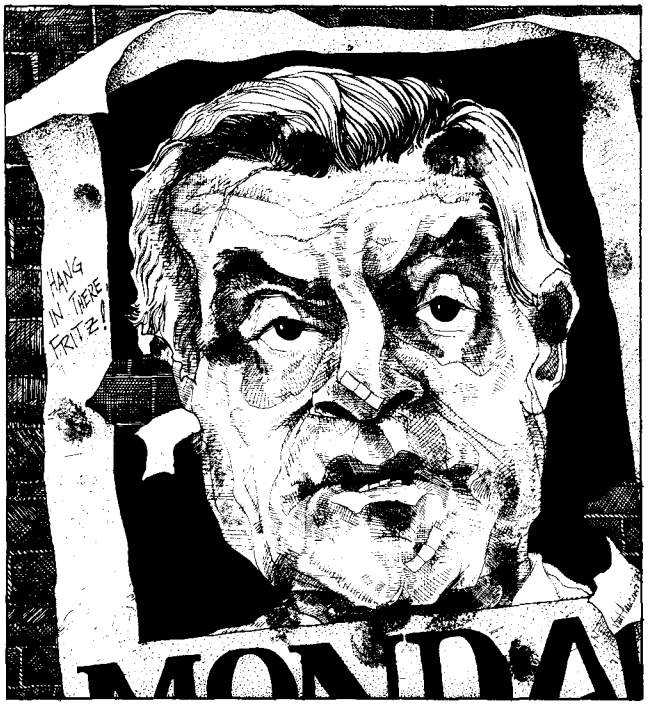
only thing that really changes calculations is if he should beat us badly in both states. If he wins narrowly, we'll either have the numbers or will within five days because there are state caucuses that weekend. So we would either go over on the fifth or the tenth, even if he wins California or New Jersey."

Mondale craves outcome one or two, figuring that either would compel Hart to withdraw from the race or at least ease off to preserve his option of running again. What about outcome three, a pair of Mondale losses by slim margins? Hart could go either way, but Mondale strategists believe that he'd at least make a preconvention effort to sign up unpledged and uncommitted delegates. Outcome four amounts to a disaster for Mondale, ensuring that Hart stays in the race and makes a final, incautious stab at the nomination. In that event, Mondale would be denied his goal of reaching the convention with what his polister, Peter Hart, calls "the sense that we're ready to take on Ronald Reagan." True, Mondale would still be the favorite for the nomination, but one campaign adviser suggests that Mondale's most important supporter, A.F.L.-C.I.O. President Lane Kirkland, might abandon him. "Lane could decide he's already proven that labor can win a nomination," the adviser said. "He may then want to prove he can beat Reagan. That means going to somebody other than Mondale."



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Kirkland's defection is unlikely, but the remote possibility of it points up the significance of the June 5 primaries. "What New Jersey and California do may very well influence whether Mondale is the next President," says James Johnson, the straight-laced Mondale campaign chairman. The primaries, the nomination, and the fall campaign "are all tied together. If we are able to get the nomination in such a way that we are perceived as the overwhelming choice of the Democratic Party, that allows us to have a more successful convention. A more successful convention gives us a better chance in the general election."

What's the Mondale strategy for achieving this? More of the same. After two stumbles (first in New Hampshire in February, then in Ohio and Indiana on May 8), Mondale has finally discovered what works best for him against Hart: relentless attacks. The Hart campaign insists that polls show Democratic voters are turned off by Mondale's tactics, but Mondale isn't buying this. "When he seems to talk more about Reagan, he seems to do less well in the primaries," says Johnson. "It's true that people do not warm up to a front-runner, and I think that it's now in the last stage (of the campaign) where we're going to have to probably keep our focus on the contrast with Hart more than Reagan." That's putting it mildly. "The guy who's going to win this is Mondale," argues another Mondale strategist. "The way he's going to win it is the way he won New York—frame two or three issues and put it to Hart and become Fightin' Fritz and say, 'I'm gonna win this thing' and kick and claw."

Mondale has no new themes to uncork. "If there are any, I don't know what they are," confesses Richard Moe, a longtime Mondale adviser. Instead, he's gone back to trying to persuade voters that the stakes are uncommonly high in the race, too high for them to risk a vote on a newcomer like Hart. "We want the voters to feel the Presidency is on the line," says Peter Hart. In earlier primaries, the Mondale campaign used the red phone commercial to this end. It suggested that Mondale has the experience and steadiness to handle a national emergency (symbolized by a light flashing on the phone), and that Hart doesn't. Now new TV spots on the same theme are being crafted by campaign manager Robert Beckel and consultant Roy Spence for broadcast during the week before June 5. "They are going to be variations on talking about the importance of the choice and how critical it is to have an experienced, surefooted person in the White House," says Johnson.

In his speeches, Mondale makes the same point, with considerable fervor. If he has proved anything in this campaign, it's that he is adept at political combat and tougher than anyone expected—including Hart. He is gifted in the artistry of charge and countercharge. He attacks and keeps his composure. He has no aversion to exaggeration. After his defeats in Ohio and Indiana, Mondale hastily shifted from criticizing Reagan to zinging Hart for "unsteadiness" and "inconsistencies." "Today we have a President who shoots from the hip in foreign policy," he told the Northern California World Affairs Council. "We don't need yet another one in 1984." While touting himself as "steady, consistent, and surefooted," Mondale claims Hart "has now taken seven basic inconsistent positions on the issue of our time: arms control. Think of what the effects would have been had candidate Hart been speaking as President Hart over the past few months. Mr. Hart said that if Persian Gulf oil were cut off, our allies couldn't depend on us.

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Then he tried to say they could. Mr. Hart claimed that Cuba was not a totalitarian state. Then he took it back. Mr. Hart asserted that America is becoming corrupt like Europe and that Richard Nixon was our first European President. Then he had to apologize. That's not the kind of careful thought our allies expect and our nation needs."

IN THE Mondale scheme, winning California isn't necessary. Winning New Jersey is, for if Mondale loses there too, it probably means he can get the nomination only after a bitter fight. Still, Mondale is not giving up on California. Far from it. He is showering time and money on the state. His media campaign will be concentrated on California; the new TV spots won't be shown in New Jersey unless the campaign drums up extra money. Moreover, Mondale is spending nearly twice as many days in California as in New Jersey. This is to get on local television news shows. But he's not wasting any of his organizational resources on California. His theory, and it's not a new one, is that media, not political organization, matters in California.

He may have a not-so-hidden asset in the state: Hispanics. California has the largest Hispanic population in the country, about 4.5 million, and most of those registered to vote are Democrats. In twelve (of forty-five) Congressional districts, they make up more than 20 percent of the population. In short, they are the largest minority group up for grabs, and Mondale has a clear edge in attracting them. Mondale's aides believe his rapport with Hispanics matches Jimmy Carter's affinity with blacks, which may be stretching it. But Hispanics do tend to favor old-fashioned New Deal liberalism, and Mondale offers plenty of that. He got more than 80 percent of the Hispanic vote in the Texas caucuses, despite considerable campaigning by Hart and Jackson in the Hispanic community there. And this has encouraged him to emphasize his appeal to Hispanics in California by scheduling numerous appearances before Hispanic groups and airing Spanish-language radio spots. "Gary Hart is trying to introduce himself to you," he told students at a largely Hispanic Los Angeles high school. "Where's he been? My level of commitment is simply greater than Gary Hart's." Before Hispanic audiences, Mondale stresses his support for bilingual education and opposition to the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill. Never before, says Johnson, have Hispanics been in such "an unusually powerful position." As in Texas, their local political leaders are solidly for Mondale. "Mondale's going to win California," boasts Congressman Marty Martinez of Los Angeles, "and the Hispanic vote is going to win it for him. He'll get 80 percent."

Since Mondale's field organizers aren't needed in California, they have gone to New Jersey. Robert Beckel, the campaign manager, has moved there. So has Paul Tully, the deputy manager. One-time state coordinators have been assigned single counties in New Jersey; Jim Margolis, the talented young organizer who directed the Mondale forces in Illinois and North Carolina, has Bergen County. What's left of the state Democratic organization—bits and pieces in Hudson and Essex counties and in Trenton and Camden—is also for Mondale. And he has the support of most state party leaders. "The question is whether they are going to mobilize effectively," says Congressman Robert Torricelli of Bergen County. "At this point [mid-May], they have a commitment to Mondale that is not being realized by any activity." Jackson has the black community sewed up, and Hart is strong in the suburbs. "That leaves Mondale with the ethnic city vote," said one of his advisers. "That's not enough." For New Jersey to play the role Ohio did for President Carter in 1980—he won its primary and nullified Teddy Kennedy's win in California the same day—the Mondale campaign has some work to do. Still, its early polling showed Mondale ahead.

The fallback position for the Mondale campaign is to rely on grabbing enough unpledged and uncommitted delegates to reach the 1,967 required for the nomination. If primary losses and his clumsy handling of the controversy over PAC money and delegate committees don't harm him too much, Mondale should have the upper hand in this. Delegates are elected at the district level in California and New Jersey, and by targeting friendly districts, Mondale could make impressive delegate gains even while losing both states. Better yet, says Thomas Donilan, the 28-year-old Mondale delegate coordinator, "We've got a pool of uncommitted delegates from which we can draw enough to win. Gary Hart has the opposite problem. He has to take delegates away from Walter Mondale, people who were elected as Mondale supporters in a public process." Fat chance, says Donilan. Mondale already has gotten public endorsements from 108 of the 191 members of Congress who will be technically unpledged delegates (Hart has only 11 endorsements). Moe says 23 more have given private commitments.

Mondale has also recruited more elected and party officials outside Washington who are delegates. "The reason is they know him better, they think they can work with him better than with Hart, and the electability argument is selling well," Donilan insists. To line up uncommitted delegates, the strategy is to work through elected officials with long-standing ties to Mondale, folks such as Governor Richard Riley of South Carolina, Lieutenant Governor Brad Dye of Mississippi, Lieutenant Governor Bill Baxley of Alabama, and Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii. But this could be a chancy proposition: Riley and Baxley aren't even publicly for Mondale.

AS A LAST resort, Mondale would turn to Jesse Jackson. It hasn't been merely fortuitous, after all, that he avoids attacks on Jackson. His strongest disagreement with Jackson came in the nationally televised debate on May 3. He objected to Jackson's response to Louis Farrakhan's threats on the life of a *Washington Post* reporter, but he did so in a hesitant, little-boy voice. Mondale lamely explains his lack of evenhandedness toward his opponents by noting that Hart is "the one throwing rocks." Besides, an aide says, it was Jackson who initiated

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the abortive party unity talks with Mondale in early May. The feeling persists in the Mondale hierarchy that "the Jackson delegates would be much more disposed toward Mondale. Hart certainly has no claim on black Democrats." But dealing with Jackson has potential drawbacks—the alienation of moderate, conservative, and Jewish Democrats, for starters—that make it the least favored option.

Normally wary of predictions, Mondale has flatly claimed he'll take California and New Jersey, and go over the 1,967 delegate mark. His strategists, edgy after two Mondale swoons, aren't so optimistic. But they figure he will win one of the two primaries. This modest achievement would make Mondale look a lot more like the party's nominee than he does now. And it would put enormous pressure on Hart, when he makes his choice after June 5, to conclude that there is nowhere to go but out of the race.

Where have all the demonstrators gone?

THE ECLIPSE OF THE PEACE MOVEMENT

BY JOSEF JOFFE

LIKE OLD SOLDIERS, great issues don't die a dramatic death—they just fade away. The battle over "Euromissiles" was certainly one of the more spectacular events in postwar European history, and in this generation no other issue has torn at the domestic fabric as fiercely as NATO's 1979 decision to install some five hundred cruise and Pershing II missiles in Western Europe. The battle has pitted old against young, left against right, leaders against led. And last fall, some two million demonstrators thronged the cities of Western Germany, England, Holland, and Italy to protest the impending deployment. It was the most impressive display of populist muscle in anybody's memory.

And yet, during the last days of 1983, the first missiles arrived on schedule in Britain and West Germany. Compared to the din of the demonstrations, the installment of these missiles lacked even the minimal punch of a decent anticlimax. It was practically a non-event, which stood in bizarre contrast to firmly embedded expectations. Why did democratic governments coldly ignore a clamorous *vox populi* as well as the pollsters, who had been regularly reporting hefty majorities against the deployment?

Last November, as the West German parliament produced a solid vote in favor of the missiles, only a few hundred demonstrators came to mount a last-minute vigil. Powerless to affect the vote inside, the protesters managed to score but one noisy point when, in desperation, they set off an air-raid siren somewhere in the neighborhood. Unwittingly, though, the helpless screech of the siren drove home a basic truth of Western politics. Instant news, served up in the breathless rhythm of TV's pseudo-poignancy, and instant response, as dished out by the pollsters the day after, have not really short-circuited the institutions of representative democracy. The "global electronic village" may amplify voices and dramatize effects, but at the end of the day noise does not substitute for numbers and votes.

The first lesson, then, is that representative democracy is still alive and well in Western Europe. Although the demonstrators dominated the headlines and the television screens, their compatriots looked elsewhere at election time. Last year it was Helmut Kohl and Margaret Thatcher who won at the polling booths—and not their rivals on the left who had gambled on the presumed anti-nuclear and anti-American sentiments of their electorates.

The verdict of the ballot box should not have surprised anybody—least of all the pollsters who have had an easy time extracting anti-missile majorities from their quarry. No matter how hackneyed, one basic truth about polling bears endless repetition: the answer depends on the question. Ask anybody whether he looks forward to hosting new nuclear weapons in his own backyard, and he will predictably respond with a heartfelt "No." Yet ask a more complicated question, and you will harvest the opposite reply. Last fall West Europeans were asked whether they agreed that the West was "generally on the right course now, trying to negotiate arms reductions in Geneva, but also planning to deploy [the missiles] if the U.S S.R. does not reduce its own nuclear threat."

Predictably, six out of ten Britons and almost 70 percent of the Germans answered "Agree." Why? First, the respondents were not herded into the crude choice between "yes" and "no" to new missiles. Second, the query was placed in the proper political context. When missiles are linked to such "good" things as "negotiated reductions"

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and to such "bad" things as "Soviet nuclear threat," the average citizen lines up behind his elected leaders and against their street-based tormentors.

Apart from this ambivalence, there is a more profound reason why The Force was not with the anti-nuclear rebels. It is hard to harness the masses if they don't care. Though the very epitome of brooding terror, nuclear weapons apparently do not terrorize enough to rouse the people from their customary lethargy. This phenomenon was nicely illustrated by a poll taken in an obscure town tucked away in the southwest corner of Germany. Just before the missiles arrived, the pollsters descended on Schwäbisch-Gmünd to plumb the community's nuclear angst. The town with the unpronounceable name was chosen for a good reason: an American Army base next door was being readied to receive a batch of Pershings. The peace movement and Soviet "public diplomacy" had targeted the Pershing as a particularly lethal affront to the Russian homeland and hence as the prime magnet for Soviet nuclear strikes. Predictably, close to 60 percent of the good burghers opposed deployment. But then the pulse-takers asked another question. Would they—the foreordained victims—also "actively support" the peace movement? Only 15 percent said that they would.

The burghers of Schwäbisch-Gmünd merely confirmed what Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. Kohl, consummate politicos both, had presumably known without ever looking at a single pollster's printout: the "man in the street" simply does not care enough to take to the street in order to do battle against nuclear weapons. He worries, first and second, about jobs and inflation. And when he does worry about low-attention items like foreign and defense policy, he worries about those parties and leaders who profess fealty to the Atlantic alliance while rocking that cozy boat with strident attacks against the American protectors and their nuclear weapons.

SO IT IS no fluke that Britain's Labourites and Germany's Social Democrats were soundly beaten last year. Has the peace movement been routed, too? The grass roots are certainly wilting. Conservative governments are safely ensconced throughout most of Western Europe, and so is the first batch of the planned 572 cruise and Pershing II missiles. Many, however, would caution against confusing the lull with the end of the war. They would argue that we are not on the downswing of a cycle, but in the midst of a permanent revolution. Democracy's triumphant forward march has finally breached the last ramparts of *raison d'état*, and from now on national security policy will be played out on a populist stage. History suggests otherwise. Europe was swept by an anti-nuclear revolt before. Like its contemporary heir, the 1950s movement sought to coerce or topple governments that had opted for nuclear weapons on European soil. In the late 1950s, hundreds of thousands took to the streets—only to vanish a few years later. Why, then, should the current wave be different? History tells us that such movements arise in response to strikingly similar events; history also suggests why they fade away.

In the first place, there seems to be a distinct generational flavor to the anti-nuclear revolt. The two European peace movements are separated by about a quarter of a century. Every generation must come to grips with nuclear weapons on its own. In each case, a new generation had to learn to live with "the bomb" that could not be banished from the earth but might one day incinerate it. To accept the horrifying paradoxes of deterrence goes against the very grain of a Western teleology, which sees all problems as temporary, and all evils as mere stepping-stones on the path to ultimate salvation. It should come as no surprise, then, that the young—whose very experience is progress incarnate—will regularly revolt against so powerful a symbol of doom as nuclear weapons.

BUT MOOD alone does not a movement make. As in any revolution, there have to be tangible triggering events, which convert a vaguely felt malaise into personal revolt. Three common crisis factors were present at the creation of both anti-nuclear protest waves.

First, the rise of both coincided with momentous shifts in the nuclear balance. Khrushchev's rocket threats against Paris and London during the Suez crisis of 1956 were the early harbingers; one year later, the West was shocked to learn that the Russians had launched their first intercontinental missile. Before 1957 "assured destruction" had been pretty much a one-way threat—the comfortable monopoly of the United States. Now, Western societies were suddenly brought face to face with their *own* vulnerability to the nuclear firestorm.

What Suez and Sputnik did for the first peace movement, the relentless Soviet buildup during the 1970s did for the second. Matched by the breathtaking expansion of the Soviet strategic arsenal, the three-generation jump from the half-forgotten SS-4 and SS-5 to the SS-20 missile in the European theater drove home the depressing realization that all of Western Europe, though a serene island of seemingly permanent détente, was an immovable target and a hostage to Soviet nuclear might.

Rapid technological change produced a second trigger event. We live most comfortably with "the bomb" when we are allowed to forget its existence. Repression ceases to function, however, when new weapons intrude on the mind. In the late 1950s the European-wide deployment of American medium-range "Thor" and "Jupiter" systems and of tactical nuclear weapons (thousands of them) literally brought the abstractions of deterrence down to earth. And so it was at the threshold of the 1980s, when a new generation of nuclear weapons once more punctured the veil of repression we normally spread over death, taxes, and the accoutrements of the "balance of terror."

Many of the new weapons entering the arsenals of the 1980s were smaller, more precise, and hence ostensibly more "usable"; "warfighting" suddenly seemed to edge out "deterrence" as the doctrine of the day. Neutron bombs and cruise missiles abruptly reminded the Dutch, the British, and West Germans that peace *cum* prosperity

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carried a hefty price tag, that survival—in Churchill's words—was indeed the "twin brother of annihilation."

The third factor was more properly political and perhaps the most important of them all: the rising din of superpower confrontation which added urgency to the angst. In 1958, right after the famous post-Stalin "thaw" and the arrival of thousands of battlefield nuclear weapons, there came the long ice age of the Berlin crisis, which would continue to send shivers of war through Western Europe until 1962. In the end, Khrushchev pulled back from the brink, but those were good years for proclaiming the superiority of "redness" over "deadness."

Similarly, the new "Euromissiles" intruded on the collective unconscious of the West precisely at a time when "détente" gave way to "neocontainment" in the wake of Afghanistan and sundry Soviet adventures elsewhere. Both events seemed to make war more likely, inexorably turning attention away from the obvious sturdiness of the "balance of terror" and toward the unthinkable consequences of its collapse.

HISTORY SUGGESTS why protest movements are born, but why and when do they disappear? One answer is provided by very recent history. Peace movements try to mobilize maximum numbers at maximum speed; by necessity they become a motley crowd. Yet pastors and pacifists, "Greens" and "Reds," Leninists and idealists, ecologists and feminists are factions; they do not make for a coalition. For a while they manage to submerge their differences for the sake of the great single issue. But what happens when this grand design is frustrated?

The first response is the communal huddle and the collective soul-searching: Where did all of us go wrong? Not far behind comes the not-so-friendly squaring of accounts: Who "lost" the battle? The third stage brings the bitterness and the breakup as the diverse factions either retract into the coziness of their own fold or, conversely, try to capture the entire organization.

Unlike established political parties, populist movements have a hard time surviving the cold. How do they inspire their cohorts and gain new recruits after failure? If the call to stop the missiles did not rouse the masses yesterday, will the call to stop the *next* batch prove more persuasive tomorrow—especially when the glare of the klieg lights, their old but fickle ally, turns toward the next "historical" newsbreak? The worst enemy of grass-roots movements is not the "Establishment," but boredom.

Much of this has already come to pass. Take West Germany, where only a year ago the peace movement seemed within easy grasp of history. Earlier this year the movement's media star, Petra Kelly, withdrew from the "Krefeld Appeal," charging that this coalition, the granddaddy of organized anti-missile resistance, had fallen into the hands of the Communists. At the same time, her prominent colleague, former Panzer General Gert Bastian, bolted from the Green Party, accusing his old flock of running a "dictatorship of incompetence" that was too soft on communism and too hard on the Americans. At Easter, a traditional time for peace outings en masse, only tens of thousands marched for the cause—a far cry from the three hundred thousand who besieged Bonn in 1981 and '82.

Today the movement is desperately searching for new banners. There are those who would now shift to fighting "American imperialism in Nicaragua," and there are those who would rather latch onto "acid rain" as the battle cry of the future. Perhaps, then, the true message of the anti-nuclear revolt is *not* that the Pandora's Box of nuclear populism has been cracked open for good. Instead, there seems to be a permanent, free-floating protest potential that will attach itself to issues as they come and go.

PEACE MOVEMENTS are not hardy perennials because they depend on very narrow soil and climate conditions. By 1962-63 the first anti-nuclear wave in Europe had virtually vanished without a trace. The Cuban missile crisis was an obvious watershed. To the rattled Western mind, the happy ending at the brink was doubly reassuring. It revealed that statesmen laboring under the shadow of the apocalypse do not behave as fecklessly as did their forebears in 1914. And to those who would have yielded to Khrushchev's bluff in Cuba and Berlin for survival's sake, it demonstrated that it helps to be strong when moving toward the edge of the nuclear unknown.

With the global balance so palpably restored, the fear of nuclear weapons rapidly disappeared into the innermost recesses of the Western mind. But there is another factor, just as weighty, which helped to pacify ruffled sensibilities: the global détente that followed the reassertion of Western strength in Cuba and Berlin. In the wake of deadly confrontation, the United States and the Soviet Union took their first steps toward taming the menace of the atom by linking Washington and Moscow through the vaunted "Hotline" in 1962, and by concluding a limited test-ban treaty in 1963.

Modest as they were, these steps pulled the sting of nuclear despair. If the weapons could not be banished from the earth, they might at least be rendered impotent. And the lesson transcends the events of yesteryear. Precisely because nuclear weapons cannot be exorcised, they require a doctrine of salvation. Arms control, no matter how sterile, has provided that doctrine—a vital myth that elevates hope over an intractable reality. The peace movement of the early 1980s could not have flourished without the denigration of arms control and détente which accompanied the frightening surge in the quantity and quality of nuclear weapons. Conversely, would the movement have receded as quickly without the calming moderation in the West's tone and language?

Democratic societies are not oblivious to the claims of a strong defense. Nor do they invariably take to pussyfooting before the enemy. Yet anti-nuclear revolts, no matter how fleeting, do carry an abiding message: people want their rivalry to be regulated, and they like big sticks best when they come with restrained language. They are not enamored by the drumbeat of revolt, but living under the threat of the atom they do like a quantum of solace. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Including the Supernatural

In *The Natural*, Robert Redford is first seen as a Midwest farm youth in the late 1920s who goes to Chicago for a pitching tryout with the Cubs and seems bound to make good. A woman whom he met on the train invites him to her hotel room; she, demented, shoots him in the stomach, then commits suicide. After fifteen obscure years, most of them spent out of baseball, Redford is scouted by the New York Knights in a semi-pro game, comes to New York, and in time succeeds as a slugging outfielder. Again a beautiful woman threatens him with destruction—of a different sort. The sudden reappearance of a sweetheart from his farm-country past, accompanied by the adolescent son that Redford didn't know he had, bolsters him, brings him through to victory and to the retirement that his health demands. He returns to the farmland of his boyhood; the last sequence is a replay of the opening sequence in a wheatfield, except that he is throwing fly balls as his father once did and his son is catching them instead of himself.

The Natural
(Tri-Star)

As screen stories go, it's pretty good: with its Hemingway use of contemporary sport as the locus of contemporary epic, with agreeable symmetries, and with a symbolic overlay of temptations and redemption. As screen adaptations go, it really *goes*—far from the Bernard Malamud novel that is its source. Robert Towne and Phil Dusenberry, the screenwriters, have reworked much of the material of the novel, some of it quite unconventional, into a script that tries to retain the unconventional atmosphere while forging conventional form. To Malamud's symmetries they have added some of their own (the use of lightning, for instance); they have converted Malamud's malevolent forces into patent villains; and they have transformed his novel of haunting fate into a mystical story with a happy ending. *The Natural* was Malamud's first novel (and has no Jews in it), but it contains several themes that run through his later books (all of which have Jews in them): actions have consequences; some mistakes are irreparable; happiness exists as a criterion, not as an achievable state; life, seen with ideal objectivity, is a complex joke but still a joke, even though, like the hero of *The Natural*, you weep "many bitter tears" at the end of your story. The screenwriters have kept only hints of these themes.

I'm not raising here the antique complaint of the distortion of a novel (or play) by film, although there's no question that Malamud's novel *has* been distorted. Even if one places this book among its author's lesser works—my own opinion—one can't be blind either to the screen changes or the reasons for them. If *The Natural* is sacrosanct to you, stay away from the film and reread the book. On the other hand, if you want to see how some competent craftsmen winnowed some cinematic elements out of the book and transmuted them to their own ends, the film has its rewards.

The first problem that the filmmakers faced, and dealt with adequately, was tone: how to balance and combine the hard, clear-cut talk and action of baseball with the numinous elements that overhang the story. (Curious, how baseball induces authors to use it as a locus for the fantastic. Some post-Malamud examples: Douglas Wallop's novel, *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*, which became the musical and film musical, *Damn Yankees*; Robert Coover's novel, *The Universal Baseball Association, J. Henry Waugh, Prop.*; John Ford Noonan's play, *The Year Boston Won the Pennant*.) The director, Barry Levinson, whose first film was *Diner*, understood from the start that this matter of tone was primary; he and his cinematographer, the talented Caleb Deschanel, have tried to move and light the film so as to suggest that the bright world of the diamond is surrounded by mysterious forces. We have all seen the blimp shots, now TV commonplaces, of a brilliantly lighted playing field surrounded by oceanic darkness. That may have been a guiding metaphor for the film; and, except that Levinson uses slow motion too predictably for emphases of both fact and fantasy, he fulfills it much of the time.

Second, the filmmakers have frankly faced commercial considerations and, to their purposes, have made those considerations serve them. Having altered and condensed and rearranged the materials as they did all along the line, they had no alternative but to give the film a happy ending; so they gave it one that, in pop terms, is good glow-making. Once this film story is launched as it is, it takes on its own artistic responsibilities; any unhappy ending would have been jarring, even more arbitrary than what we see. Kenneth Burke's famous dictum tells us that form is the arousal and satisfaction of expectation. George M. Cohan's earthy equivalent was that the audience writes the last act. Malamud purists will shriek at the ending, but they will have been shrieking long before that. Those who can accept the idea that this is not the

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Bounty. That Mutiny again, this time with more facts but looser structure. The shipboard scenes are first-rate, as is Anthony Hopkins's Bligh. (Reviewed 6/4/84)

Romancing the Stone. A biter bit. A woman writer of romantic adventure is plunged into romantic adventure. Sufficiently amusing. (5/7/84)

Sugar Cane Alley. Martinique, 1930. A black boy's struggle to rise from poverty through education. Vivid and engaging. (4/30/84)

This Is Spinal Tap. British rock group tours the U.S., and a "documentary" is made of the tour. Quietly savage wit, plus some loud laughs. (5/14/84)

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novel, in order to see what pleasures they may get from the transformation, will get those pleasures.

Oddly, the pleasure that comes first to mind is a scene of two men shaving. Just before the game that will decide the pennant race, the Knights manager and his head coach are shaving side by side in a locker-room mirror. The manager is Wilford Brimley, familiar now from *Tender Mercies* and *The Stone Boy*. The coach is Richard Farnsworth, already beloved (I hope) because of *Comes a Horseman* and *The Grey Fox*. Those two laconic codgers scraping away, saying things I can't even remember, exemplify the fact that the right people doing even commonplace things at the right time can make the screen interesting.

Or there's the scene in which Redford re-meets his boyhood sweetheart. He slips into a soda-fountain booth opposite her, and the first thing he says, after fifteen years, is, "Are you married?" (Malamud's line, transposed.) Redford's look at her implies the quick rush through his mind of everything that had been between them and that he is still able to hope; and leads him directly to the question he wants to ask even more than he wants to say hello. It's a subtle, lovely moment.

Or there's the recurring presence of Robert Duvall as an almost literally diabolical sportswriter, insisting that the past continues, that the wolves of mortal malice are always at the door.

Redford, making his first screen appearance in four years (too long!), reminds those who need reminding that he is one of the perfect male film stars. Like only a few other men—Paul Newman and Marcello Mastroianni—he is extraordinarily handsome, effortlessly fascinating, and enormously talented. His role here is not the most demanding of his career, not on the level of *The Candidate* and *Jeremiah Johnson*, but it gives us ample chance to see another kind of natural in his element.

Glenn Close is the boyhood sweetheart, and, once again, she works honestly and unappealingly. The costumes and settings tell us graphically that we are in the 1930s, but we would know it anyway: there's not a black man on any of the ball teams. I didn't even see a black person in any of the ballpark crowds. (Was this why, at one of the ball club parties, they sing "Darktown Strutters' Ball"? Are we being told something about pre-Jackie-Robinson prejudice?)

Possibly I ought to feel guilty about not being more protective (as I often have been) of a novel by a good writer, but with all its alterations, the film *an sich* gave me some fun. Which underscores my chief critical dictum: criticism is less a matter of dicta than of instances.

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Schell is still horrified at the prospect of the world's destruction. Recent hypotheses concerning the "nuclear winter," the great freeze that might be expected to follow the unleashing of the arsenals of destruction, confirm his worst fears. But notice a change? Now Schell writes:

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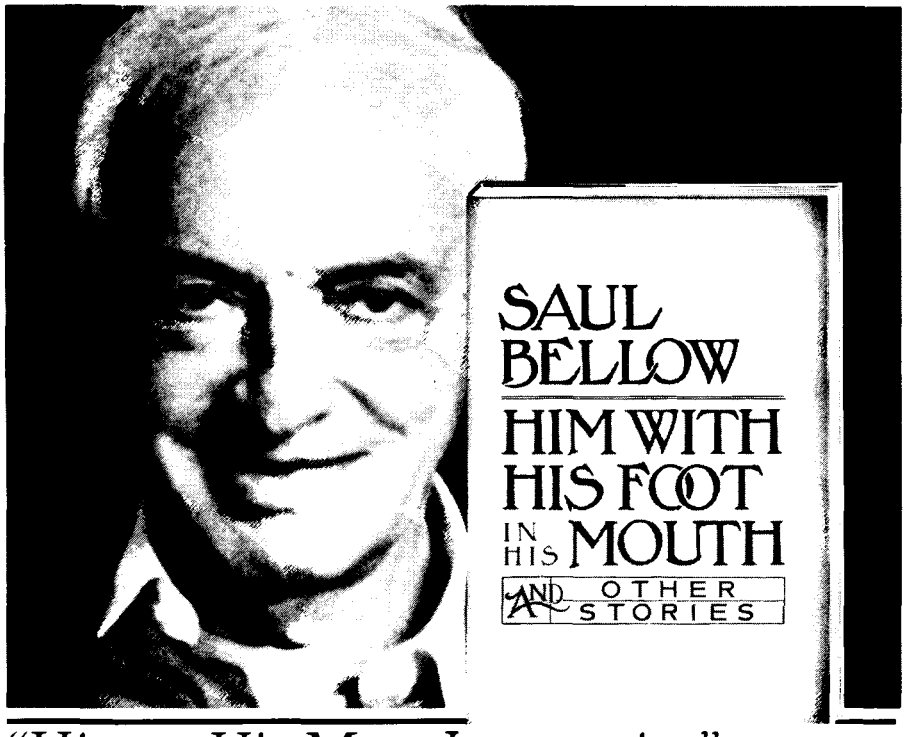

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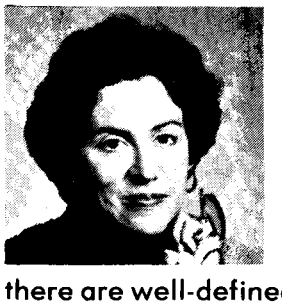

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boundaries in place and abolishing nuclear arms while keeping deterrence in force by retaining the ability to rebuild them offers this advantage.

So the abolition of nuclear weapons is still at the top of the agenda, but this is no longer to be achieved through a political revolution. Quite the opposite. Sovereignty, and even patriotism, are now in. World government is out. More remarkable, Schell has taken on board the two arguments that the supporters of the nuclear status quo consider the most decisive: that nuclear weapons can't be disinvented and that the fear of their use has exercised a profoundly stabilizing influence on international affairs. If the risk of nuclear war is going to be with us whether or not we have nuclear weapons, and if it is this risk that keeps our leaders honest, then why can't we enjoy the benefits of nuclear stability without the costs, and at least remove the risk of something going terribly wrong because the weapons have to be in place and ready to go? This is Schell's current question. Schell, in short, reckons that we can have our cake and eat it. We can have nuclear deterrence without tears.

There is something quite breathtaking in Schell's switch from radicalism to conservatism in the organization of international affairs. It is possible to admire the intellectual honesty of such an approach, to be sure, but not quite to embrace the new conclusions with confidence—at least until one can be sure that the author has arrived at his final position. Indeed, there are grounds for believing that Schell has not yet stopped moving.

THE CLUE to Schell's approach, I believe, lies in his fascination with the contrast between scientific and political modes of thought. Early on he notes that science could "move with the speed of thought to alter physical reality," but political affairs, weighted with tradition and habit, ". . . moved with a ponderous gait of their own, and were not to be hurried." A little later he compares the approaches of Bernard Brodie and Albert Einstein in the 1940s to the new atomic age.

> Einstein took as his point of departure his knowledge of the laws of physics and of the peril they defined; he went on to ask what had to be done to remove the peril, and concluded that the whole political realm had to be revolutionized. . . . Brodie, by contrast, took as his point of de-

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parture his knowledge of the laws of politics and of the existing political world, and concluded that for the immediate future the peril would have to be lived with.

The alternatives were the rule of law or the rule of force.

Schell wants to bring the scientific and the political approaches closer together. If the principles of nuclear physics could be applied to the political problem that has been created by their military application, perhaps we might make progress. Schell, who likes to proceed by metaphors and analogies, does not actually use equations to make his point; but he might have done so. Imagine, for example, the use of $E = MC^2$ where E is the energy released in a collision (war) between states (the basic elements of political matter), M is the military power at the states' disposal, and C is the speed at which the collision takes place. According to this equation, the problem for the international community of states is that collisions between the "heavier" elements, with nuclear levels of M at their disposal, are likely to destroy the community as a whole.

In *The Fate of the Earth*, Schell was arguing that it would be difficult to reduce M to less dangerous levels until one had reduced C to zero. That is, because states move at their own pace and in their own preferred direction (the condition of sovereignty) and are very bad at coordinating their movements, it is only by removing this capacity for independent movement that the risk of collision can be removed. What Schell has now recognized, however, is that the attempt to fuse all these elements together into a world government will produce a result that will be highly undesirable.

> We would like world government to make just one decision—to "ban" . . . nuclear weapons—but we find that in order to do that it must apparently have the power to make almost any decision we can think of. And from this unlimited delegation of power we shrink.

Which means, returning to our equation, that the only way to keep E down to acceptable levels is to get M down. But, as the theorists of deterrence point out, we are stuck with high levels of M because nuclear weapons cannot be disinvented. That is the bad news. The good news is that because they are self-directing and understand fully the relationship between E and M, the relevant states respond by staying still. Schell has discovered that these theorists may indeed be right. The institution of war has been "fatally undermined."

Despite the futility of a deliberate collision, however, there are still elements of instability. States may believe that they can move without collision, they may miscalculate; and even a glancing blow might result in catastrophe. Here Schell has his bright idea. The deterrence theorists insist that the level of M can only be suppressed and not eliminated. They agree that the same effect of inhibiting hostile movement by other states could probably be obtained at lower levels of M. Why not, then, at the lowest level of all? Why not remove all the nuclear weapons, argues Schell, but maintain the ability to build them again, should the need arise? The ability to build them should itself deter. As long as the relevant scientific facilities are known to exist (but not so well known that they could be caught in a preemptive strike), they should provide the same incentives to stability as the actual arsenals.

Schell proceeds to design a scheme of quite baffling complexity based on this insight. The net effect is to introduce a series of delaying mechanisms. The risk

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of nuclear war cannot be removed, he concedes, but we can be on less of a hair trigger. Schell concludes that this increase in "the lead time to nuclear hostilities"—which he estimates to be "from about seven minutes to a month or six weeks"—would constitute a "revolution in stability." (Only a deterrent theorist would not find this curious phrase a contradiction in terms; Schell has been captured by the establishment!) Thus, if deterrence fails, or is about to fail, there would be more time for deliberation and reflection, and the immediate consequences might not be so horrendous.

Schell has put so much effort into demonstrating the practical nature of his project that it seems almost churlish not to treat it as a RAND-type feasibility study. But the complexity, as well as the rather hedged nature, of his scheme indicate that this edifice does not rest on as firm foundations as he would like us to think. In his attempt to obtain "weaponless deterrence" he still has to confront the traditional problems of strategic theory: vulnerability to surprise attack, the limits to active and passive defense, the role of conventional forces, and so on. The facilities for building nuclear weapons, however, cannot be treated as if they were the weapons themselves. They cannot be sheltered underground or moved around the countryside or put out to sea or maintained forever at a high state of readiness, all with a deterring amount of assurance. Mutual Semi-Assured Destruction lacks the robust (if brutal) certainty of Mutual Assured Destruction.

ANOTHER PROBLEM. Schell rather mischievously suggests that President Reagan's ideas for a space-based "strategic defense," as outlined in the "Star Wars" speech of March 1983, could make a valuable contribution to his scheme: in a world of "weaponless deterrence," the ability to knock down the occasional stray missile would be rather useful. Under current conditions, however, Reagan's ideas must be opposed. And to have something available for Schell's new order it will have to be developed during Reagan's old order. Must Schell support all sorts of dubious ventures which would be quite unsettling today in the hope that one day they could play a positive role? In the history of nuclear strategy, most ideas for transforming the strategic environment, including those for "mutual invulnerability," have suffered from this problem of transition. The first power to be prepared for the new regime might well consider itself to enjoy a rather attractive, if temporary, advantage; and it might well act on such an advantage, too.

One is drawn to the observation that Schell would find life far less complicated if he argued for what used to be called minimum deterrence, that is, for the maintenance of a stockpile of weapons just sufficient to threaten a devastating second strike. He has already conceded the ethical point by being prepared to sustain international stability through the threat of eventual nuclear war. Moreover, since his main preoccupation is with the effects of the use of the current excessive stockpiles on our planet and our species, this concern could be eased if stockpiles were reduced to levels well below that which threatens the future of civilization rather than just of belligerents.

The nuclear dilemma cannot be understood, as Schell has always recognized, except in its political context. Schell started with a sense that politics can drive states to all sorts of foolishness; to be truly safe from the potential-

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ly dire consequences of this foolishness, we need to remove the capacity for independent action. Now Schell has moved to another view. While states cannot really be trusted, their foolish tendencies can be kept in check by the recognition of their possible consequences. But this is still too superficial. The current international order has grown up with nuclear weapons. All sorts of large and small adjustments have taken place. It is not possible to shake the whole nuclear order to its roots without a series of political understandings and arrangements also being shaken loose, with unforeseen and possibly surprising consequences. For example, what would be the effect of "weaponless deterrence" on NATO? Under the new regime, the Western European nations, for reasons of geography and density, would be still at a strategic disadvantage in their relations with the Soviet Union. If the Soviet Union was forced to crank its military machine into action against the United States, then it might have reason to expect that the counter-cranking on the American side might just be completed in time to thwart its ambitions. But would Washington have the ability or the inclination to crank up on behalf of Western Europe, especially if the Soviet Union finds that mounting an attack on its neighbors is going to be somewhat less laborious?

IN SUM: once it is accepted that the very features of nuclear weapons that make them a profound source of danger also make them a profound source of stability, then any major experiments, however well controlled, are likely to result in instability. And once it is accepted that the danger is still going to be with us, then the gain in nuclear lead time provided by Schell's weaponless deterrence may count for very little against the greater increase in political turbulence. Furthermore, with international energies concentrated on this great semi-abolitionist experiment, making sure that all is fair and square and according to plan, who will be dealing with the multitude of political arguments and tensions around the world, many possibly exacerbated with the uncertainty over whether the old international alignments and commitments will still hold good under the new regime? It is not good enough to ask for a an agreement to freeze simultaneously all existing limits. Who is going to enforce such an agreement?

Schell seems to have acquired some of the bad habits of the deterrence theorists, too. There is the same search for technical fixes and oversimplified political logic. The real challenges for the international community in the nuclear age, however, lie in coping with the pace of political change and the persistence of disputes. This involves much more than recognizing, as Schell does, the need for better procedures for settling disputes; it involves a readiness to engage in a continual process of adaptation to new circumstances. Part of this process could well be a determined effort to reduce the role of nuclear weapons in our political life. Paradoxically, however, by making their abolition (or, more accurately, their suppression) the great cause in international affairs, their centrality will be ensured. Success in disarmament, as in arms control, might bring all sorts of benefits; but failure may be even worse than never having tried at all. It may leave the offending weapons even more preeminent than they were before.

As always, Jonathan Schell is interesting and ingenious, eloquent and sometimes moving. He presents his case with clarity, and with candor about its possible shortcomings. Unfortunately he fails to convince. Let's hope he tries again. It will be fascinating to see where he ends up next time.

LAWRENCE FREEDMAN

Lawrence Freedman is a professor of war studies at King's College, London.

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The Sexuality of Christ in Renaissance Art and in Modern Oblivion by Leo Steinberg

(Pantheon/October Book, 222 pp., $19.95, $11.95 paper)

In Raphael's *Madonna of the Goldfinch*, perhaps the most somberly hieratic of the painter's much cherished Florentine Madonna groups, the Christ Child stands naked between his mother's knees in a pose of blatantly classical inspiration. Reaching out to accept the gift of the finch, symbol of the passion that is the end of his incarnate being, he exposes his nudity with disquieting insistence; the pose itself, evoking an image of the infant Hercules rather than of *Gesù bambino*, commands our direct confrontation with his body—"complete in all the parts of a man."

In 1514 Michelangelo was commissioned to carve a marble statue of the risen Christ that was to be "large as life, nude, standing and holding the cross." The finished sculpture in the Roman church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva answers fully to the charge of the commission; too much so, perhaps, for the stark nakedness of this heroic savior has been consistently covered in all copies of the work, and the original itself has had to bear the embarrassing weight of an added bronze loincloth. Could Michelangelo have so offended Christian sensibilities by imposing a private aestheticism (or worse) upon pious imagery? So we might conclude from the subsequent response. And yet Christian theology itself, in the words of its founding fathers and greatest exegetes, would seem not only to sanction but to require that the Christ so display himself: "The passion of Christ was signified by that man's nakedness," wrote St. Augustine. Whence, then, the shame?

Why do we continue to avert our eyes from the visual facts by deflecting questions about the nakedness of Michelangelo's figures, smugly condemning the Counter-Reformation puritanism that could order the draping of the bodies in the *Last Judgment* while we protect the artist behind some aesthetic veil of formalism, invoking the standards of genius to put his creations just beyond the reach of social norm and moral responsibility? Why do we continue to take such untroubled delight in

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the infantile antics of the Christ Child, such satisfaction in the domestic pleasures of the extended Holy Family, sharing in their playful fondling of the Child? If we are occasionally embarrassed by their evidently excessive curiosity about the genitals of little Jesus, as in Hans Baldung Grien's woodcut of 1511, we search the annals of supposed life situations to explain St. Anne's manipulation of the Infant Savior's penis—or, in countless other images, Mary's indication of the Child's sex or his own apparently innocent self-touching.

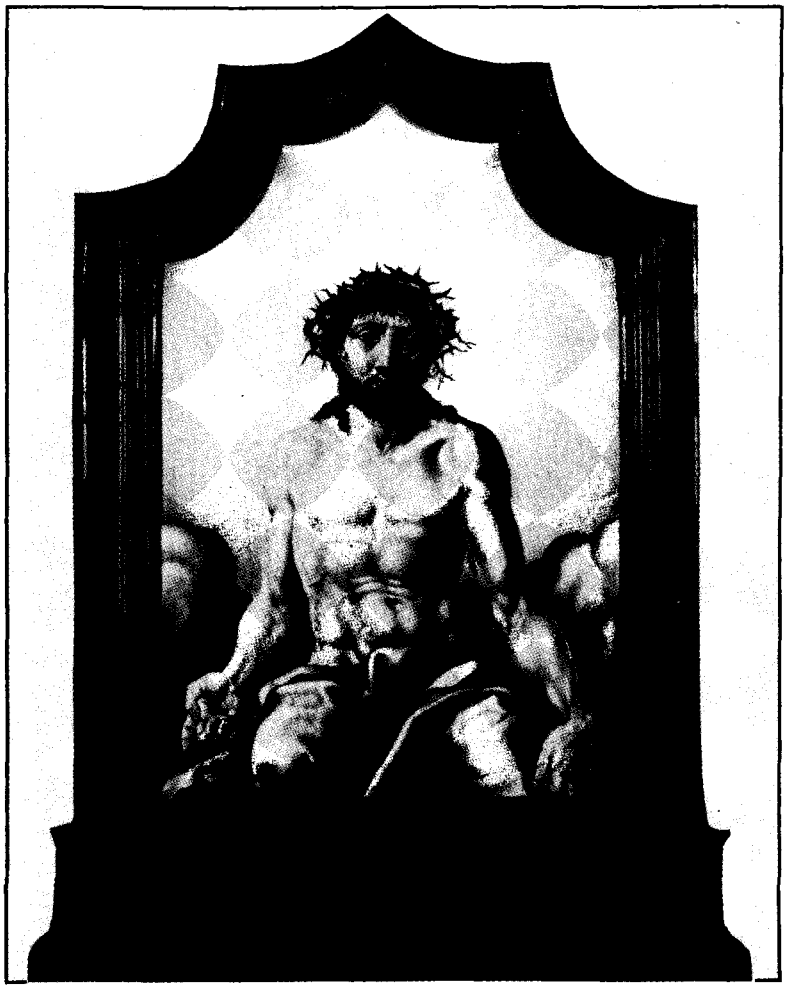
These are some of the instigating questions of Leo Steinberg's new book. His opening line declares the major premise of his thesis:

> . . . that Renaissance art, both north and south of the Alps, produced a large body of devotional imagery in which the genitalia of the Christ Child, or of the dead Christ, receive such demonstrative emphasis that one must recognize an *ostentatio genitalium* comparable to the canonic *ostentatio vulnerum*, the showing forth of the wounds.

Inviting us to admit this "long-suppressed matter of fact," Steinberg suggests the corollary thesis of his title, namely, that all of this "has been tactfully overlooked for half a millennium." The 246 illustrations accompanying his text provide the basic data to substantiate this "matter of fact." We are left in no doubt that Renaissance artists very deliberately explored the body of the Savior, the anatomical completeness of his manhood, manifested most explicitly and tellingly by his genitals—what Steinberg means by the "sexuality" of Christ in Renaissance art.

Steinberg's second declared objective is to propose "plausible theological grounds for the genital reference" in these images, to discover the communal meaning of that special focus. Mediating between the images and the meaning in his argument is a third concern, with what we might call the operations of meaning: "I must address myself," Steinberg writes with pedagogic patience, "to the many who still habitually mistake pictorial symbols in Renaissance art for descriptive naturalism."

The Sexuality of Christ was originally delivered as a Lionel Trilling Seminar at Columbia University in November 1981. The two discussants on that occasion were Julius S. Held and John W. O'Malley, S. J. Father O'Malley's comments are here printed as the last of the forty excursuses that Steinberg appends to his lecture, each expanding on a particular issue of the discussion, offering further supporting illustrations and texts, elaborating on finer points of the argument, and, at times, rebutting objections made by others, most notably by Professor Held. Essentially, O'Malley gives Steinberg's thesis a theological *nihil obstat*. In his own work—the significance of which is fully acknowledged by Steinberg—the Jesuit scholar has defined the special nature of Renaissance theology, which he has called, on the basis of its particular stress on one of the crucial tenets of Christian belief, an "Incarnational theology."



MAN OF SORROWS, BY MAERTEN VAN HEEMSKERCK c. 1525-30
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From a historical point of view, Steinberg's thesis recognizes a special conjunction of secular culture (if we can call it that) and theology in the Renaissance: at the center of both is the notion of the "dignity of man." That Raphael and Michelangelo envisioned Christ in a heroic mode inspired by ancient art and ancient myth, that they found in Hercules or Apollo a fitting visual type for the Savior, can no longer be considered evidence of a secularization of Christian tradition in the Renaissance. Indeed, it is part of Steinberg's argument that this renewed capacity for ennobled form combined with theological doctrine to achieve a unique moment in the history of Christianity, "a phase of exceptional daring, when the full implications of Incarnational faith were put forth in icons that recoiled not even from the God-man's assumption of sexuality." Steinberg emphasizes that this "Renaissance interlude" is historically larger than the phenomenon of classical revival, that it begins in the later Middle Ages with the gradual exposure of Christ's humanity from, literally, the feet up, the revelation of the flesh of his lower parts. Still, the full celebration of the naked Christ in the perfection of his manhood coincides most gloriously with the ambitious figural aesthetic of the High Renaissance. The classical revival was indeed central to the visual realization of this Renaissance theology with its heightened focus on the "humanation" of Christ—to use the telling English word Steinberg retrieves from the seventeenth century. In the mystery of the Incarnation, of the myth of God assuming the mortality of the flesh, Renaissance artists found theological reason to master the anatomy of the body and in their images of Christ "to flesh out the icon." "What

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the Christian art of the Renaissance took from pagan antiquity," Steinberg observes, "was the license to plumb its own mythic depths." And he boldly concludes

> . . . because Renaissance culture not only advanced an Incarnational theology (as the Greek Church had also done), but evolved representational modes adequate to its expression, we may take Renaissance art to be the first and last phase of Christian art that can claim full Christian orthodoxy. Renaissance art—including the broad movement begun c. 1260—harnessed the theological impulse and developed the requisite stylistic means to attest the utter carnality of God's humanation in Christ. It became the first Christian art in a thousand years to confront the Incarnation entire, the upper and lower body together, not excluding even the body's sexual component. Whereat the generations that followed recoiled, so that, by the 18th century, the Circumcision of Christ, once the opening act of Redemption, had become merely bad taste.

Steinberg's Enlightened witness is Goethe.

The Circumcision of Christ, that moment of first bloodshed, foretells and initiates the mature sacrifice of the flesh upon the cross. This ceremonial cut thus clarifies the meaning implicit in the indication or manipulation of the Infant's penis in so many images of the Madonna and Child. Steinberg's argument, buttressed by a library of supporting theological texts, then proceeds to follow this iconography to the genital focus in images of the dead Christ.

One particular aspect of this progress inspired a certain degree of discomfort in the audience of the Trilling Seminar. It is likely to do the same in some readers of the book. Noting that the envisioned post-Resurrection Christ—like the Child in some pictures—is occasionally depicted with his loincloth erect, Steinberg asks: "Shall we construe the turbulence of the loincloth as an inflation of vacant folds, or are we bound to interpret these surfaces as reactive to forms beneath, insinuating a phallic tumescence?" We are reminded that in decreeing the institution of circumcision, the Lord declared: "My covenant shall be in your flesh." These images of the Christ dead or resurrected, then, "would reverse that trope by representing the risen flesh in the roused sexual member. It is no far cry," Steinberg concludes, "from one to the other—no straining of the imagination to equate penile erection, reciprocally, with flesh vivified." It is difficult not to agree here—with whatever reluctance—for only by a willful act of visual denial can one fail to read the sexuality of these folds. However, in pressing an erection-resurrection equation, Steinberg can rely only upon the persuasive visual logic of the images themselves, and the accumulated weight of his preceding argument. No texts can be adduced to sanction explicitly this theological physiology. We are at the limits of Incarnational theology, it would seem, as Father O'Malley confesses:

> I must admit that where there is question in these scenes of an erection, howsoever veiled or revealed, I am truly surprised and at a loss to find a correlation with Catholic theology. Steinberg's suggestions for resolving this problem are ingenious rather than traditional, but I have to admit that I welcome them because I know no place else to turn.

It is indeed part of the burden of Steinberg's thesis that the full meaning of these Renaissance images transcends the explicit support of texts. The images themselves must be read, and not merely as illustrations of texts or theological arguments: "On the contrary: the pictures set forth what perhaps had never been uttered. They are themselves primary texts. . . . " This has been the

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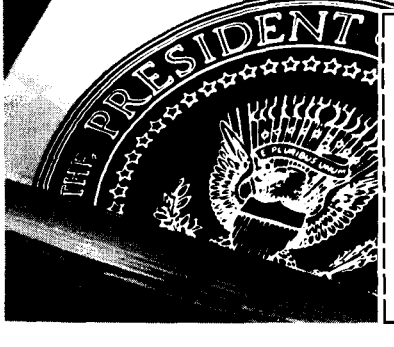

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great lesson of his own example, for more than any other contemporary art historian Steinberg has taught us to respect the signifying responsibility and richness of Renaissance figural art. And this returns us to his own response to the observations of Julius Held. At issue is the reading of Domenico Ghirlandaio's *Adoration of the Magi* of 1487, in which the eldest magus kneels before the Madonna and Child, approaching the Infant most intimately.

> The Virgin's right hand retains one infant knee, her other hand lifting his flimsy cover. And the old King reaches reverently to touch with two sanctified fingers the loincloth which the boy holds aside in deliberate showing. The pictorial action, the portentous event, the epiphany, is the exposure to the worshipper of the Child's groin. This, according to Ghirlandaio, is what the Wise Men traveled to see. The revelation to the Magi, who knew beforehand that a God had been born, is the demonstration *ad oculos* that he was born "complete in all the parts of a man."

In an excursus Steinberg responds to Held's alternative—or rather, complementary—reading of that action, according to which the old magus, "preparing to kiss the Child's foot, may be reaching for the cloth so as not to be grasping the sacred limb." Objecting to this expansion of narrative possibilities, Steinberg mounts a defense on rather narrow grounds, which tend to exacerbate what must appear essentially a difference in point of view. By insisting on the exclusive validity of his own reading, on the theological curiosity rather than the humble piety of the magus, he may actually deprive the image and his own interpretation of it of their larger resonance, their full humanity. The argument here seems gratuitous.

This may be one of the obstacles in Steinberg's rhetorical style: its assertive stance, which can at times restrict the appeal of his work, limiting its potential by a defensive narrowness of vision that can also seem critically self-righteous in its over-insistence. Such narrowness, uncharacteristic of Steinberg and contradicting all the values of his approach, mars one of the most beautiful observations in *The Sexuality of Christ*: on the "banner loincloth" in fifteenth-century northern compositions of the Crucifixion. Here again he performs an important service by isolating this motif and distinguishing its signifying function as "an acceptable circumvention of the prohibited member . . . a diversion that spares what is midmost by fanning out; a potent synecdoche that celebrates the thing covered in the magnificence bestowed on the covering." And through Steinberg we gain a new appreciation of the enhanced loincloth of Christ on the cross in compositions by the greatest masters of the northern Renaissance—Robert Campin, Roger van der Weyden, Dürer, Cranach. In each case the fluttering draperies breaking beyond the bounds of the body's silhouette animate the hanging corpse of the Savior. "No one has questioned the wisdom of making such pageantry of a breechcloth; or grudged its turbulence as a wind gauge where no breath is stirring. . . ." Ascribing the full deployment of this invention to Roger van der Weyden, Steinberg describes how in several of Roger's *Crucifixions* "the spare aprons of the earlier masters unfurl into flying banners, buoyed up by an indwelling breeze where all else is becalmed."

These fine observations are vitiated, however, by that insistence on the serene weather at Calvary. Neither the paintings that are his concern nor the relevant texts support such a reading. Wherever the Crucifixion is set in a larger landscape, the scene acknowledges the account of Matthew: "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour." And Roger, and Cranach, and Baldung Grien all enframe Christ with darkening clouds. The upheaval described in Matthew, the most dramatic of the gospel accounts of the Crucifixion, would inspire even more turbulent settings of the event, in which all nature participates. And Steinberg himself, quoting St. Athanasius, offers us the kind of commentary that made the gospel text even more vivid as it made its meaning more explicit:

> . . . even at his death . . . the whole creation was confessing that he who was known and suffered in the body was not simply a man, but the Son of God and Savior of all. For the sun turned black, and the earth shook, and the mountains rent . . . and these things showed that Christ who was on the cross was God. . . .

Despite its participation in this universal tumult, acknowledgment of the godhood of the Son of Man—or, precisely because of it—the "banner loincloth" maintains its triumphant meaning. Perhaps Steinberg's commitment to restore to the descriptive naturalism of Renaissance art its status as pictorial symbol has led him to deny too much. "Only the inherent metaphoricity of Renaissance realism," he writes of a group of German crucifixes, "could exalt this humblest of garments to such efflorescence, and convert the *ostentatio genitalium* decently into a fanfare of cosmic triumph." That it most appropriately recognizes the divine body on the cross, signaling its praise in the elevation of his cloth, hardly makes the wind less real. Indeed, in these representations of the Crucifixion such natural forces can be no more metaphoric than that body itself.

I cite this instance because it serves to underscore, by exception, the major

When Song Will Not Do

Across the street a tenor whine
—The voice too thick, piano thin—
Praises *die schöne Müllerin*
Who, as he shrieks, *ist sein, ist sein;*

I slam the window down, to hear
Your absence in the settling dust,
Wondering at the Miller's lust:
Wandering echoes in my ear . . .

In the dim song of distances
The river silently unwinds,
Your soft mill tirelessly grinds
The mixture of your joys and his;

I hear the laughing overshot
Wheel and its merry, whispered splashing,
The moan of softening, the mashing
Pestle gentle in your pot.

Cold as a millstone, the wide bed,
Unheeded, all my unground grain
Heaped up in waste, or spilled in pain
In full sight of the still unfed.

JOHN HOLLANDER

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point of Steinberg's lesson and achievement: the status of images as primary bearers of meaning. In all his work, Steinberg has taught us to attend closely to the picture, to read it carefully and sympathetically, in the proper mode. In a still more focused way, he has instructed us in the meanings of the depicted human body, in the grammar and syntax of figural language. The operations of meaning, particularly in the art of the Renaissance, are linked exactly to what the culture itself had recognized as "corporeal eloquence."

The subject of Steinberg's study is potentially volatile, inviting kinds of speculation and imaginative interpretation that might enrich its scope but weaken its conviction. However tempting it may appear to some "to speculate on the inner motives of painters who chose to involve the sexuality of Christ in their iconography," Steinberg properly insists that such individual psychologizing can only detract—at least at this stage in our knowledge of these complex phenomena—from the larger responsibilities of the imagery. Steinberg's thesis must rest ultimately on the liturgical compatibility of his findings; the validity of interpretation must be gauged by the communal standards of religious worship. The "sexuality" of Christ is, finally, the epitome of God's manhood, his "humanation."

Steinberg's lesson is summarized in his final paragraph:

> The field I have tried to enter is unmapped, and unsafe, and more far-reaching than appears from my present vantage. Much of what I have said is conjectural and surely due for revision. I can hardly claim, as St. Bernard does in closing his eighty-second sermon on the "Song of Songs": "We need have no regrets for anything we have said; it is all supported by unquestioned and absolute truth." But I have risked hypothetical interpretations chiefly to show that, whether one looks with the eye of faith or with a mythographer's cool, the full content of the icons discussed bears looking at without shying. And perhaps from one further motive: to remind the literate among us that there are moments, even in a wordy culture like ours, when images start from no preformed program to become primary texts. Indeed, when they are treated as illustrations of what is already scripted, they withhold their secrets.

Honored by the College Art Association of America with its annual award for art criticism, *The Sexuality of Christ* deserves recognition rather as an important work of art history. It promises to refine our sense of the figural eloquence of the Renaissance artist, to open a new understanding of the religious art and imagination of the epoch. A generation ago, Rudolf Wittkower's *Architectural Principles in the Age of Humanism* liberated Renaissance architecture from its Ruskinian stigma as pagan, proud, and unholy, returning it to us as a profound meditation on the possibilities of Christian design and building. Steinberg's work may allow us to find the deeper, Christian meanings in the celebrated Renaissance commitment to the human body.

DAVID ROSAND

David Rosand is professor of art history at Columbia University. His most recent book is *Painting in Cinquecento Venice: Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto* (Yale University Press).

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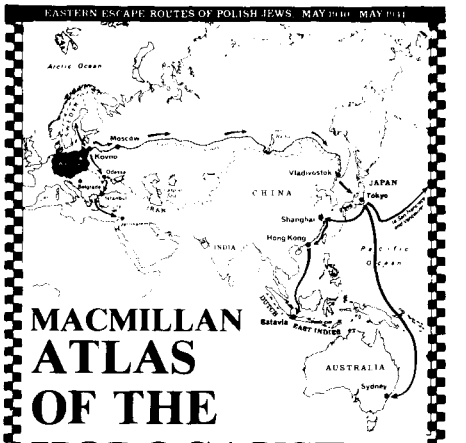
Bellow is essentially a novelist rather than a short-story writer because he is drawn to large panoramic views of contemporary life. (The new volume is only his second collection of stories among twelve published books.) It may be that the capaciousness of his vision has not always been matched by an architec-



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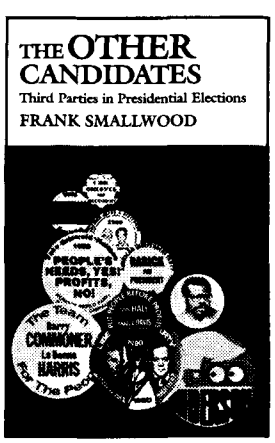

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tonic ability to sustain encompassing structures—I am thinking of the flagging conclusions of *Augie March* and *Henderson the Rain King*, the centrifugal energies of *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, the uneasy fit between the Chicago flashbacks and the Bucharest narrative foreground in *The Dean's December*. But where most contemporary American novels (examples from Updike, Malamud, and Roth come readily to mind) collapse disastrously along their obvious fault-lines, Bellow's books have shown a remarkable ability to survive, splendidly, their own flaws. Conversely, the new stories read more like brilliant fragments than like well-made wholes with discernible form and neat closure; nonetheless, the series of vignettes repeatedly illustrates within small compass what it is about Bellow's writing in general that provides deep imaginative pleasure from sentence to sentence and perception to perception.

THERE IS a special quality of zest in virtually everything Bellow has written from *Augie March* onward—even, I would say, in his darker, more mordant books—and this derives above all from his untiring interest in and affection for the varieties of human character. Perhaps this curiosity about character is what has seemed most "old-fashioned" in Bellow's novels to the proponents of more avant-garde fiction. At a time when character in the novel so often becomes the facelessness of figures in an apocalyptic landscape, or the transparent manipulation of an ideological argument, or an epiphenomenon of sexual organs, it is unusual to find an American novelist still absorbed in the quirkiness, the stubborn and often wacky self-assertions of individual character. Ijah Brodsky, the narrator of "Cousins," poring over a volume of odd ethnographic lore about the native tribes of Siberia, is led to wonder about the private imaginings of all the other people in his skyscraper office building: "Who knows what secret ideas others are having, the dreams of these bankers, lawyers, career women—their fancies and mantic visions? They themselves couldn't bring them out, frightened by their crazy intensity. Human beings, by definition, half the time mad."

To bring to the light, through an act of inventive empathy, the secret ideas and dreams of variegated humanity is precisely a major task of the traditional

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novelist. The special Bellow emphasis is the attraction to mantic vision, crazy intensities. He loves human excess, extravagance, flamboyance, the looniness of adherence to self-consistency at all costs. "What you are," Ijah Brodsky is told by his ex-wife, "is an exuberance-hoarder." By implication, the judgment might be transferred from the character to his inventor, except that Bellow, in these stories and elsewhere, has found the artistic means to share the hoard quite lavishly with his readers. The gamut of extravagant types in the new volume runs from (Jewish) mafiosi, con men, ne'er-do-well spongers, and cab-driving metaphysicians, to fugitive musicologists (the narrator of the title story), septuagenarian art critics (the main figure of "What Kind of Day Did You Have?" obviously based on Harold Rosenberg), and philosophers-turned-bohemians (the hero of "Zetland," an homage to Bellow's friend Isaac Rosenfeld).

These sundry "stand-up eccentrics," to borrow a telling phrase from "Cousins," are generally represented through two rhetorical ploys, both of which manifest the distinctive energy of Bellow's prose. Either their vitality is conveyed through a crammed catalogue of attributes (a technique that goes back to *Augie March*), as in this evocation of mobster Tanky (né R'foel) Metzger: "What are the right words for Tanky at this moment?: voluminous, copious, full of vitamins, potent, rich, insolent." Or the force of the character is rendered through hyperbole, with urban realities and industrial processes given a preferential place as the source of figurative language (a technique first used prominently in *Henderson the Rain King*). Thus, the narrator's summary of Cousin Shana, Tanky's mother: "She was a wide woman, a kind of human blast furnace."

IT MAY begin to sound as though Bellow's fiction were a neo-Dickensian gallery of comic grotesques. What makes the modern difference is the sense his protagonists have, alternatively brooding, bemused, perplexed, of the unfathomable nature of an individual life amidst this bewildering variety of characters, which is to say, this bewildering variety of modes of being, existential routes traversed. Toward the end of *The Dean's December*, we are told that the Dean "was only now discovering how many important things he had neglected to think about." It is a discovery that is made by one Bellow protagonist after another; and, at least for this reader, it remains an abidingly salutary discovery because Bellow is able, through the different destinies of his various heroes, to imagine this difficult business of moral growth freshly, as a revelation that dawns on them from the particular circumstances of their lives. Bellow, as has often been observed, is a writer who delights in the sounds and smells and colors of urban reality and in the colloquial language and anecdotal styles associated with that reality. He is also, however, a writer who repeatedly raises questions about what we are and why we are here, and his ability to combine racy realism with philosophic reflection is one of his greatest strengths. "Human absorption in faces, deeds, bodies," Ijah Brodsky muses, "drew me towards metaphysical grounds." The richness of Bellow's prose is at least in part its capacity to glide from the most concrete of human absorptions to metaphysical perspectives.

A posh old Italian restaurant in the Chicago Loop is described deftly and wittily in the following terms: "Still, the place retained its Al Capone atmosphere—red-sauce blood, the footsmell

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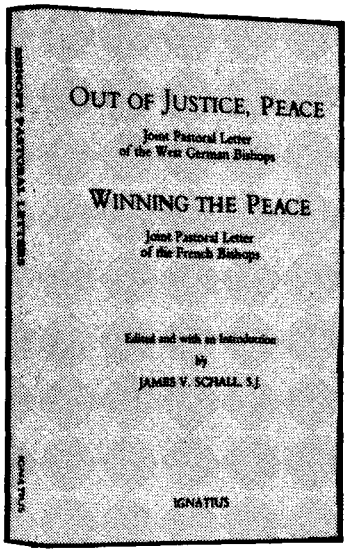
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of cheeses, the dishes of invertebrates raked up from sea mud." The blood and the footsmell are strokes of vivifying comic ingenuity, but the reference to seafood as "invertebrates raked up from sea mud" adds a small startling effect by setting the menu and the restaurant against a background of evolutionary vistas as an instance of one form of life among a daunting abundance of them. This maneuver of sliding outward from the immediately observed scene to cosmic overviews is more explicit elsewhere, as in the musicologist Shawmut's perception of Vancouver, the city to which he has fled in order to escape the law:

> But what a clean and civilized city this is, with its clear northern waters and, beyond, the sense of unlimited wilderness beginning where the forests bristle, spreading northward for millions of square miles and ending at ice whorls around the Pole.

The climactic Bellow touch is the ice whorls at the end, which is not the way the North Pole would look if you went there but the way you might see it from far out in space, in wondering contemplation of the zany pattern of warm-blooded life on this little ball spinning for aeon after aeon through the eternal freezing darkness.

Bellow is a philosophic writer in two, complementary senses. The more obvious one is the intense intellectuality of so many of his characters, who in dialogue and monologue wrestle with Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and Freud and Whitehead on everything from the constitution of the psyche and the nature of historical process to cognition and being. What gives much of this talk resonance is something I would describe as a trapdoor effect in Bellow's depiction of reality. The eye adheres patiently, lovingly, to the grainy, vivid surfaces of the material world, but things have an uncanny way of opening up to surprising vistas below or behind them. Thus, a familiar everyday experience like the ascent of a passenger plane to the brightness above the clouds becomes a leap into "the lucid sunlight coming through infinite space"—at once a lyric moment and an intimation for the character of another realm of being. The trapdoor may open up, as we have seen, into the reaches of zoology or geography or space, or, perhaps most poignantly, into the visionary depths of personal memory. Victor Wulpy, the aging art critic in "What Kind of Day Did You Have?," contemplates a Detroit airport that is set "in a frame of snow, looking like a steel engraving" and is reminded of the Lower East Side, circa 1912—a group of boys studying in Hebrew the story of Jacob's dream of angels on a celestial ladder:

> There was no "long ago." It was all now. The cellar classroom had a narrow window at sidewalk level, just enough to permit a restricted upward glance showing fire escapes under snow, the gold shop sign of the Chinese laundry hanging from the ironwork, and angels climbing up and down.

Such moments, scattered throughout Bellow's work, are its central nodes of meaning. In the new stories, the passage where the absorption in faces, deeds, and bodies leads most impressively to metaphysical grounds is this rush of perceptions that comes to Zetland:

> A very early and truthful sense of the seizure of matter by life energies, the painful, difficult, intricate chemical-electrical transformation and organization, gorgeous, streaming with radiant colors, and all the scent and the stinking. This combination was too harsh. It whirled too much. What were we here for, of all strange beings and creatures the strangest? Clear colloid eyes to see with, for a while, and see so finely, and a palpitating universe to see, and so many human messages to give and receive. And the bony box for thinking and for the storage of thoughts, and a cloudy heart for feelings.

The sense of energies and the image of things whirling—that "palpitating universe"—are at the heart of Bellow's fiction. The tense balance of opposing perspectives here should be noted. Despite the colloidal eyes and the bony box of the brain, Bellow is not the sort of literary metaphysician T. S. Eliot detected in John Webster, who "saw the skull beneath the skin," for he also sees a gorgeous world streaming with radiant colors. The seeing, moreover, is rarely an isolated act of observation in his books. It is undertaken within an

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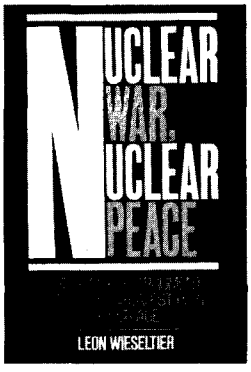

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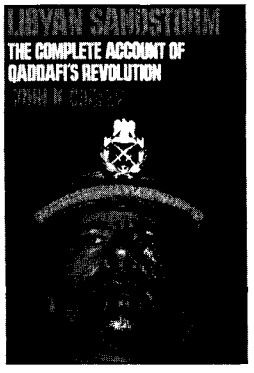

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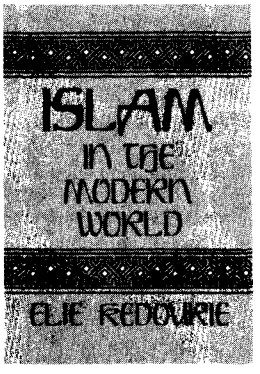

"He writes without advocacy or rhetorical color and is master of his tangled and often bloody subject. . . . Kedourie says nothing off the top of his head. His judgments are thoroughly considered."
—Saul Bellow

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entangling web of relations and feelings, in the midst of all those human messages given and received. One takes in the bright world through the translucence of the eye but also, necessarily, with the cloudy heart. Throughout his career as a novelist, Bellow has been enchanted by the play of movement in the circumambient world and at the same time a patient student of the shifting inner cloud patterns that obfuscate vision, distort it, and perhaps sometimes simply shape it. His success in holding both views together, embracing the whirl of the world and the uncertainties of the heart, makes him one of the few living novelists whose work often evinces the imaginative authority to address our lives.

ROBERT ALTER

Robert Alter's *Motives for Fiction* was recently published by Harvard University Press.

STRAW MEN IN STRUGGLE

Civil Rights: Rhetoric or Reality? by Thomas Sowell

(Morrow, 156 pp., $11.95)

I have been fascinated by Thomas Sowell ever since I read his article on Marx's labor theory of value, written in 1967, and found it to be one of the most intelligent discussions of a subject that has occasioned reams of nonsense. At the time, I didn't know that Sowell was black or that he would become one of the few conservatives worth reading as a thinker and not just as a sign of the times. I disagreed with his *Economics and Politics of Race* (1983), but found much that was thought provoking in it. *Ethnic America* (1981) was, I thought, much too optimistic, projecting a somewhat romanticized immigrant past into an automated future, but I learned from it too. *Civil Rights: Rhetoric or Reality?*, however, is much more deeply flawed than those earlier books, not the least because it is more polemical and less scholarly. There is not much interesting incidental material to save the volume from a fundamental argumentative fallacy.

Ironically, Sowell attacks his opponents for his own error—oversimplification. Constructing a straw man, Sowell says that advocates of civil rights think discrimination is the only reason for statistical differences between racial and ethnic groups. Their mirror image, the racists, credit those discrepancies to another single cause, genetic inferiority. This, Sowell says, is an unpardonable dichotomy, which is, of course, true. It is also irrelevant, since I know of no serious civil rights partisan who engages in such obvious simplification.

This attack on simplistic dichotomies becomes the basis of . . . a simplistic dichotomy. On one side Sowell identifies the proponents of a theory of discrimination that explains everything about minority life; on the other side, there are those like Sowell who see through the logic of the righteous simplifiers. From this Sowell proceeds to argue that all who understand that culture and history play a role in the fate of ethnic and racial groups must oppose government intervention to correct the inequalities between those groups because culture and history cannot be changed by decrees. Indeed, in a spectacular exercise in the method of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, Sowell concludes that since the difference between blacks and whites and women and men sometimes increased *after* affirmative action programs with "goals and timetables" were introduced in 1971, they therefore rose *because* of affirmative action.

Sowell gives his opposing straw man equally reductive views:

> Given the civil rights premise that statistical disparities are moral inequalities and are caused by social institutions, with group characteristics being derivative from the surrounding society, it follows that the solutions are basically political—changing laws and public perceptions.

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THE MUSICAL *Oliver!* is back on Broadway in revival, and the drama critic of the *New York Times*, Frank Rich, refreshes our memories by describing it as a 'bowdlerized retelling of *Oliver Twist*.' Wait a minute here. Bowdlerized Dickens? In the age of *Hustler*? Now we *are* confused."

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But who is the serious civil rights champion who thinks that all statistical disparities are moral; that they are simply and only caused by social institutions; that *all* group characteristics derive *totally* from society? The fact is that some disparities are moral and social, and that one way—not the only way, and in my opinion, not the single most effective way, but still a necessary way—to deal with them is through political action.

At one point, Sowell even comes perilously close to suggesting that, since the simplistic discrimination thesis he puts in the mouths of his opponents is wrong, therefore discrimination can even be positive, a stimulus to achievement. The Chinese minority in Southeast Asia—and the Indians in Africa, the Italians in Argentina, the Jews in many countries—did well, and often achieved more than those who looked down on them. Discrimination may indeed sometimes be a factor in social advancement. But Max Weber's analysis of "pariah capitalists" was a much more sophisticated analysis of this phenomenon: according to him, minorities who represent the capitalist principle of the future in precapitalist societies are both hated for their anti-traditional roles and are able to win an advantage over a majority which is less culturally developed, at least in an economic sense.

That, however, is merely a scholarly quarrel. The debate becomes quite political when one turns to the issue of affirmative action. Blacks, Sowell writes, made enormous progress during the 1940s when there was no civil rights legislation; later on, with affirmative action, the poorest among them regressed. Unfortunately, the history is wrong. Black progress in the factories during World War II was enormously helped by Franklin Roosevelt's executive order on fair employment practices in the war industry. That order, in turn, was issued not because of Roosevelt's passion for the cause, but because A. Philip Randolph's March on Washington Movement forced him to do so.

Even if one concedes that Sowell stumbled on the past, however, what about the present? Isn't it true that "during the era of affirmative action, such disadvantaged blacks as young males with little experience or education, and members of female-headed households, actually retrogressed relative to whites of the same description, while more advantaged blacks rose both absolutely and relative to their white counterparts"? There certainly are figures documenting such trends, but they prove the opposite of Sowell's conclusion.

THE YEAR 1971 was, after all, not only the time of "goals and timetables" for affirmative action. It was also an early stage in an economic crisis which continues to this day, one which has tended, among many other things, to polarize the occupational structure. Jobs have disappeared in the "middle"—in steel, auto, and other "smokestack" industries—which has eliminated several critical rungs on the ladder of mobility that previous ethnic groups had climbed. That development hurt disadvantaged blacks and members of female-headed households both absolutely and relative to whites, since they—and other minorities—are the new entrants to a competition in which the rules have suddenly been changed.

At the same time—and as part of the same process of a sweeping redefinition of work in America—those with college educations and luck (a major factor in such matters, as Christopher Jencks documented some time ago) have enjoyed a certain upward mobility. The "advantaged blacks" made gains because of that economic trend and because of affirmative action, which does work to limit discriminatory patterns in an expanding labor market but not to create jobs in declining areas of employment.

Sowell alludes to the economic trends from time to time but never integrates them into his argument, not least because to do so would destroy his case. Using classical theories, he sees unions as labor monopolies, pricing the poor out of the economy. He does not even note Lester Thurow's devastating critique of that view in *On Generating Inequality* (nor did he have a chance to read Richard B. Freeman and James L. Medoff's *What Do Unions Do?*, published after his own book was written). Both volumes show that unions make a significant contribution to the stability of the work force, and thereby to economic efficiency, a fact not even dreamed of in the labor market model Sowell uses.

Sowell's treatment of women and affirmative action is similarly flawed.

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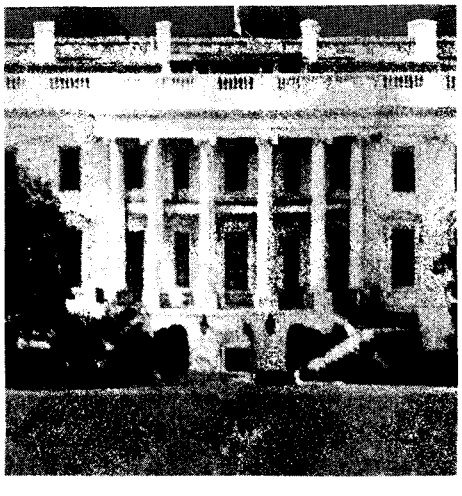

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Women who never marry earn a higher percentage of the male wage than women who interrupt their career in the labor market to have children. Obviously. Therefore, gender has nothing to do with the differential? Wrong. It was not God, or nature, which ordained the sexual division of labor in all of its complexity. Paternity leaves, job sharing, day-care centers, and a host of other public policies can reduce the discrimination that women suffer, not on the basis of biology, but because of the social and political organization of biological differences.

I could go on with more examples but not without repeating myself, since Sowell repeats the same basic errors. He is a man with a fine mind, and he has a real contribution to make; but he will not make it if he insists on totally ignoring the difference between "all" and "some" and "any." Of course discrimination does not explain everything about women and minorities. Of course history and culture play a role in creating differences. But to argue from such truisms that race, ethnicity, and gender therefore play no role is utterly invalid. So is condemning affirmative action because it had a limited effect during the worst economic crisis in a generation.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Michael Harrington is co-chair of Democratic Socialists of America. His latest book, *The New American Poverty*, will be published in August by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

TAKING ACCOUNT OF THE '60S

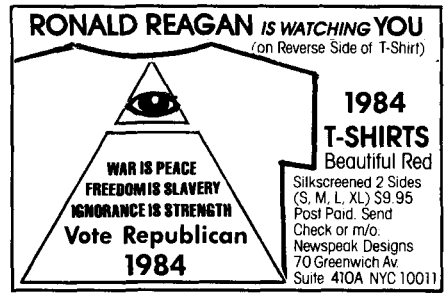
Notes from a Child of Paradise
by Alfred Corn

(Viking/Penguin, 107 pp., $14.95, $8.95 paper)

Alfred Corn's poetry has commanded respectful attention ever since the appearance, in 1978, of *A Call in the Midst of the Crowd*, a long poem about one lonely man's experience of the splendor and desolation of New York City. Now Corn has again undertaken a book-length poem, this time in an effort to come to terms with the experience of growing up in the 1960s—a subject which, considering its importance, has had singularly little direct attention in our poetry (the remarkable exception, heretofore, being Richard Tillinghast's *The Knife*). *Notes from a Child of Paradise* is, I hasten to add, a book about but not of the '60s. It is not militant, not—in the catchphrase Corn quotes a little scornfully—"the latest/Naked Poem." Rather, it is urbane, well-crafted, rueful, tragicomic, mixing "The serious and the broad" in the tradition of Ariosto, of Byron's *Don Juan*, of James Merrill's "The Book of Ephraim."

Corn's title comes from the great French film *Les Enfants du Paradis*, which was something of a cult object in the '60s. I believe the phrase is roughly equivalent to our "peanut gallery"—a meaning which is not inappropriate to Corn's sense of being a helpless, if sometimes an exhilarated, spectator of cataclysmic public events. But in a deeper sense, I think, Corn means to imply that any child of the '60s was a "child of paradise." What the decade imposed on all of us was an extraordinary hope: that by breaking boundaries, whether of class, custom, or psyche, one would somehow arrive at a place where every moment was vivid and charged with significance, every impulse uninhibited yet somehow harmonious, good. That hope was political, but it was both more and less than politics in any normal sense. If it generated a more humane and psychological concept of revolution than the Old Left had known, it also led off into a dozen artificial paradises. The summers in Europe were part of it—those summers which postwar prosperity had made available to thousands of middle-class American students. In Europe, as at the barricades,

> Every warrant promised time grew
> mythic
> For those who met eternal things halfway:



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First, by supposing them; then taking steps
To find a likeminded soul; and last, the . . .
Arena where the myth you shared might shine.

No writer before Corn has captured so perfectly the poignant comedy of that little world: those American kids, some brilliant, some not, all sophomoric and a little scared, managing and mismanaging their love affairs in a blinding radiance of mythic parallel.

Day after bonedust day, July unwinds.
At morning class our Valéry rests while
For a brief spell M. Brombert reminds
Us all (who haven't read it) that the style
Of *Roland Furieux* as well includes
The serious and the broad—he could recite,
In fine Italian, some octaves rimés:
"La luce candida. . . ." (A desk away
A Dartmouth fullback's doodling busty nudes.
You glance at me. Eyes flash. The candid light.)

Most romances that began this way quickly faded into *souvenirs de voyage*. This one endured, over a year and a half of letter-writing, to become a courtship and eventually a marriage. It is a tale whose appeal is simple and irresistible, for all the worldly elegance of the telling. How can one not love two lovers who are brave enough to overleap such obstacles—not only of physical distance, but his homosexual side, and her proto-feminist ideas of freedom? And yet, once together, Ann and Alfred cannot be simple constant lovers, or even intellectual companions, though they are that. They must believe that their love is, as Rimbaud demanded, "reinvented," free of all bourgeois precedent and prescriptiveness. Marriage, for them, is not a confirmation, but a chilling brush with an alien way of being serious about life ("You as uneasy with his certifying/'Wife' as I with the pompous-sounding 'Man' "). And marriage seems, for them, the beginning of the end. A certain dimness enters into their feeling for each other thereafter; and finally, in "the long, dogged recessional" of the Vietnam War years, they part, Ann however remaining a central presence in Alfred's life, as friend, as lost paradise, and as Muse.

In the meantime, however, much else happens. From the beginning, the poem is punctuated with initially puzzling interpolations retelling a favorite children's book about the Lewis and Clark expedition. In these American sections, the rhetoric is soberer, less tongue-in-cheek (even imitating, at times, the rapt tone of Hart Crane's *The Bridge*). The subplot and the main plot converge toward the end, when Ann and Alfred, back, slightly disillusioned, from the French *événements* of 1968, decide to drive across the country. The Midwestern and Western landscapes that follow bring out the best of Corn's gifts as a descriptive poet:

A secondary road in Indiana. Now
Striped barriers and a black-printed X
Bring us to a halt. No train. Or—.

Thunder-delicate depth-charges as the missile
Rockets into view from the leftward south.
A ragged smear of magnified trombone. The engine

Volleys by, and then, bringing up the rear
In rapidfire parataxis, a running headline—
N.Y. CENTRAL-LACKAWANNA-B & O-

Though Corn doesn't say so explicitly, this love of American places seems to bring him to his true vocation as a poet, away from the higher but colder-hearted ambitions, "black and new as Burroughs," of his radical years. In a different way, the journey West becomes a final emblem of the marriage. Like the relationship between Lewis and Clark and the Indian woman Sacajawea, this too is a love "outside history," only possible in a wilderness—the 1960s' wilderness of hope.

American long poems are almost by definition imperfect; so I hope it won't seem churlish to point out the flaws in this one. The strictly political scenes are a bit wooden, lacking the electric tension they have in Lowell and Mailer. Metaphysical passages, on the other hand, are often disastrously overwritten ("each solar nexus and aureole/ Of sensate fire at fullest cry"). The poem also repeatedly compares itself to *The Divine Comedy*, in a way I found presumptuous. It simply isn't that large; moreover, Corn should know that such comparisons only succeed when they are tacit, like Dante's own self-comparison to Virgil. Finally, and perhaps most damagingly, Corn finds it difficult to

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

New Lies For Old by Anatoliy Golitsyn (Dodd, Mead). How the Soviet Union planned to deceive the West, according to a K.G.B. defector whose inside glimpses are intriguing, even if his conclusions are questionable. (Reviewed 6/4/84)

War in Val D'Orcia: An Italian War Diary 1943-44 (David R. Godine). One woman's day-by-day record of life in an Italy torn by war. (6/4/84)

Three Novels: The Blackmailer; A Man of Power; The Great Occasion by Isabel Colegate (Viking). Portraits of self-made men, their personal pains and social mistakes. (5/28/84)

Piece of Cake by Derek Robinson (Knopf). An exciting novel about the fortunes of a Royal Air Force squadron fighting Hitler. (5/14/84)

Adieux: A Farewell to Sartre by Simone de Beauvoir (Pantheon). A portrait of Sartre in his last sad years in his own words and those of his trusted companion. (5/21/84)

The Architecture of Death: The Transformation of the Cemetery in Eighteenth-Century Paris by Richard A. Etlin (M.I.T. Press). How the urban cemetery was created and quickly overcrowded. (5/28/84)

The Evolution of Cooperation by Robert Axelrod (Basic). Scientific proof, using computers, that it pays to be nice, not nasty, when it comes to questions of accommodating to others. (5/21/84)

Children in Exile: Poems 1968-1984 by James Fenton (Random House). A British poet's evocations of Germany, Cambodia, and other nightmares. (5/14/84)

The Truth That Killed by Georgi Markov (Ticknor & Fields). Inside Bulgaria: a posthumous memoir by the émigré who was killed by an umbrella. (5/14/84)

Jinnah of Pakistan by Stanley Wolpert (Oxford University Press). A major biography of the subcontinent's lesser known hero. (5/7/84)

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write as frankly about the end of the marriage as about its beginning; so the dimness of feeling that afflicts the couple themselves also afflicts us as readers in the last third of the book.

What one remembers, however, is the touching, headlong bravery of Ann and Alfred's early commitment to each other; and how that quality comes back, in a strange way, at the very end. There *is* something unaffectedly Dantean about the vision of love as an educative experience, and therefore eternally part of the soul, that shines through Ann's final words to Alfred:

> You say you hear me speak and when you do
> From everywhere meaning comes riding in—mine,
> In your invention—addressed, in any case, to you.
>
> Maybe we are still much as we were then.
> Remember how, the laundry done, we'd take
> A clean, still-warm sheet? And clasping the corners
>
> Advance until our foreheads almost met,
> Join hands, let go, and back away again;
> Then halve the rectangle and both step forward
>
> To meet again, perhaps this time to kiss; and part
> With one left behind to make a final fold,
> The soft octavo volume safely shelved. . . .

I have to say that I read this extraordinary book haunted, not only by how many times, in how many farflung places, Corn and I almost crossed paths, but by how many events in our private lives somehow rhymed. Truly, as Corn writes, "We were all like that": naïvely solemn, as the '20s were not; introspective, unlike the radical '30s; utterly unlike the '50s in our demand for New Heaven and New Earth. This book gives a definitive account of the private impact, at least, of the decade's sense of the "mythic." It made me feel, for the first time, the truth of Robert Lowell's lines to John Berryman: "really we had the same life,/the generic one/our generation offered. . . ."

ALAN WILLIAMSON

Alan Williamson, professor of English at the University of California at Davis, is the author of *Presence* (Knopf) and, most recently, *Introspection and Contemporary Poetry* (Harvard).

TRB, *from page 6*

not exactly for what they say but for what contradictions they need to conscript themselves to believe. Lord knows, if they didn't believe the nonsense they said about each other, how could they possibly go on?

In the stretch where everything is ultimately settled, everything is ultimately permitted. Once the last primaries are over, it will be hand-to-hand combat for delegates. Hart will still be coming from behind, and he'll have to do the silliest of the discrediting, a chore in which he is by now amply practiced. The silliness will revolve around expenditures made for Mondale delegates by some independent PACs. This is nickel-and-dime stuff. How does Hart keep a straight face? But, then, how does Mondale keep a straight face when he tries to make an issue of Hart's Senate attendance record? Or, worse yet, when he implies that Hart would be itchy at the nuclear trigger (for which the hotline image in the TV spots is a visual metaphor)?

I voted for Hart in the Massachusetts primary, but it's not a vote I feel good about. It's not exactly a matter of grand politics or principle either. Maybe I'm just alienated from the values of my generation or, to be more precise, from the one just behind mine: the Me Generation, the one the Hart campaign is so proud to have as its supporters. (Newspaper ads for Hart indicate that you can charge your financial contributions through Visa and MasterCard.) Its politics aren't exactly ideological—not even its isolationist politics. This isolationism, from which Gary Hart draws strength, is a collective and quite literal extension of the narcissism valued by so many men and women under 40. Don't think for a moment that isolationism is coterminous with idealism. Those who in their own lives care little for what happens outside their own skins care little for what happens outside our borders. It's not a way for a person to live, or for a great nation either. So am I much more comfortable with Mondale? Only if I choose to believe that he doesn't believe much of what he is now saying. This is hardly a comforting thought. But then, of course, neither is the thought of four more years with the incumbent.

The regular author of TRB, Michael Kinsley, is on vacation. This column was written by Martin Peretz.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Post-Primary Depression

WHEN YOU VOTE in the District of Columbia, they give you computer cards—the kind you're forbidden to fold, spindle, or mutilate. This year, in the Democratic primary, you got three sets of punch cards in three different colors, one for each of the three candidates. You were supposed to punch holes next to potential delegates' names on the punch cards of your chosen Presidential candidate and toss the other sets of cards in the trash. The trouble was, I didn't want to vote for any of them.

I'D LOVE TO HAVE voted for Jackson—just about all my neighbors did—but I couldn't. A bit too much anti-Semitism for me. At the beginning of the campaign I had planned to vote for Mondale, but the relentless negativism of his post-New Hampshire campaign convinced me not to. So I'd pretty much decided to vote for Hart. But then on the very morning of the primary he came out with his mindless "days of shame" speech attacking Mondale for Jimmy Carter's handling of the Iran hostage crisis. Asking an ex-Carter speechwriter like me to vote for him after that was asking too much. Still, I wanted to vote for *somebody*. "How do I do a write-in for President?" I asked the lady behind the desk at the polling place. I was trying to decide between Theodore Draper and Mario Cuomo when she informed me in mournful tones that there is no way, no way at all, to write in for President in the District of Columbia primary. Compassionately, she gestured toward the trash basket. Resignedly, I deposited all three sets of punch cards therein. Dejectedly, I walked back out to the street. It was all pretty depressing. Should I blame the D.C. Board of Elections? Maybe. But I'm more inclined to blame Jackson, Mondale, and Hart.

OF COURSE, I plan to vote in November for the Democratic candidate, whoever he is, on the very sound "dead dog in the road" principle elucidated in these pages by Stephen King last week. If that candidate turns out to be (arf! screech! thud!) Walter Mondale, I hope he picks Representative Geraldine Ferraro as his running mate. It would be a desperate move, but that's what it'll take to get rid of Reagan. Ms. Ferraro is no more unqualified than a lot of Vice Presidential candidates have been, and anyhow Mondale's in good health. Politically, the Ferraro choice would blow the "too cautious" issue to smithereens. It would—far more than we can now imagine, I'm convinced—energize women voters. It would rivet the attention of the press. Best of all, it would provide the Mondale campaign with something it has been unable to convey so far: a vision. The positive side of Mondale's much maligned "interest-group liberalism" is an implicit notion of America as an inclusive society. Nothing could make that notion more concrete than the presence of a woman (and a big-city Italian Catholic woman at that) on the ticket. Ms. Ferraro herself, by the way, is no more the visionary type than Mr. Mondale is. Both of them are thoroughly earthbound retail politicians. Both of them get fidgety when the talk gets abstract. But a Mondale-Ferraro ticket wouldn't need to talk about its "vision of America." It would *be* its vision of America.

ONE CAN ONLY HOPE that there is no truth in the persistent rumors that Mondale will pick Senator Lloyd Bentsen. You don't hear the same complaints about tokenism when Bentsen is mentioned that you get with Ferraro, even though it is not immediately obvious that "he's a Texan" is a more elevated principle of selection than "she's a woman." If Bentsen is nominated, video stores can expect a run on cassettes of a recent documentary about the A-bomb nuttiness of the '50s, *The Atomic Café*. I chanced to see this picture not long ago. One of its choicest scenes shows the jut-jawed young Representative Bentsen standing in front of the Capitol. "I propose that the President of the United States advise the commander of the North Korean troops to withdraw his forces beyond the thirty-eighth parallel within one week—or use that week to evacuate civilians from a specified list of North Korean cities that will be subjected to atomic attack by the United States Air Force," Bentsen barks, his strangely intense eyes locked on the lens of the newsreel camera. "I ask you, the American citizen, to let your Congressman know how you feel about this proposal." Or as Randy Newman has put it, "They don't like us anyhow, so let's drop the big one now."

A NUMBER of readers have complained about a passage that appeared in this space a couple of weeks ago, and fans of TNR minutiae may be interested in the story behind the story. My friend (and employer) M.P. wrote that a character in a play at the American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge was an "Arab—a crazed Arab to be sure, but crazed in the distinctive ways of his culture. He is intoxicated by language, cannot discern between fantasy and reality," etc. The clincher was this: "On the rep stage he is a fictional character, of course, but in the real world it is not he but his 'moderate' brother who is a figment of the imagination." One reader, Christopher Hitchens, wrote (in *The Nation*) that this last sentence "removes any suspicion of qualification" and serves "to clear up any ambiguity in the mind of the reader" that M.P.'s views might be other than "racialist." (Hitchens is British.) Here's the inside story: M.P.'s original draft had a rather convoluted sentence, the burden of which was that moderate Arabs are commoner in the newspapers than in real life. Editing the piece, I cut out that sentence for space. M.P., by then out of town, called in to say he'd like to see the thought restored, leaving it to me to figure out how. I then wrote the sentence in question. Mulling it over later in the day, I realized that I hadn't got it quite right, that the new sentence could be interpreted to mean that the very idea of a moderate Arab was unthinkable—a quite different thought, and one that might indeed be faulted as "racialist." I rushed to insert a saving qualifier—"often" before "figment of the imagination"—but it was too late. The deadline had passed, the presses were rolling—and the house dove had inadvertently sharpened the talons of the house hawk. Moral: even owning the place is no guarantee against the slip of an editor's pencil.

H.H.

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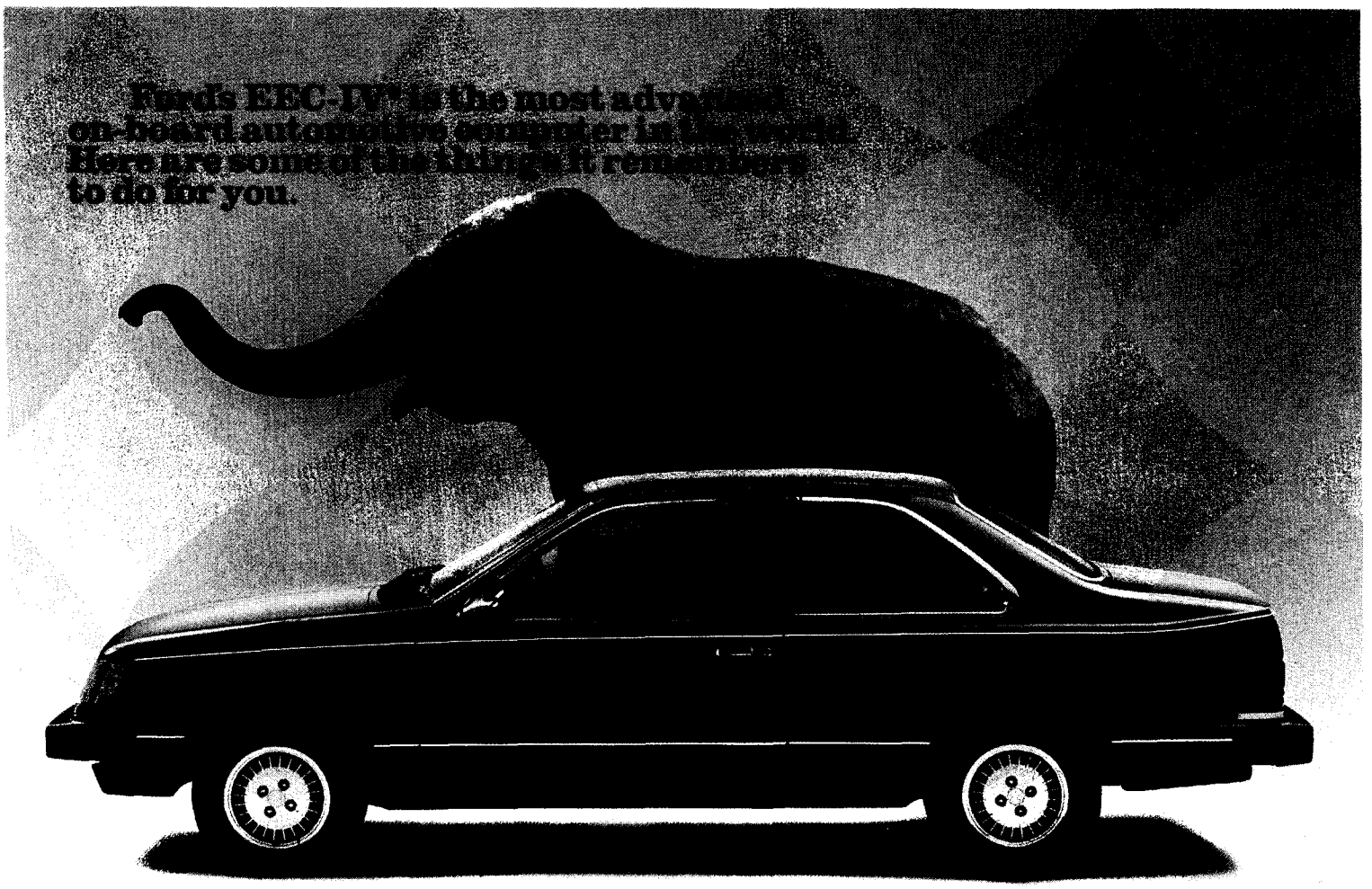
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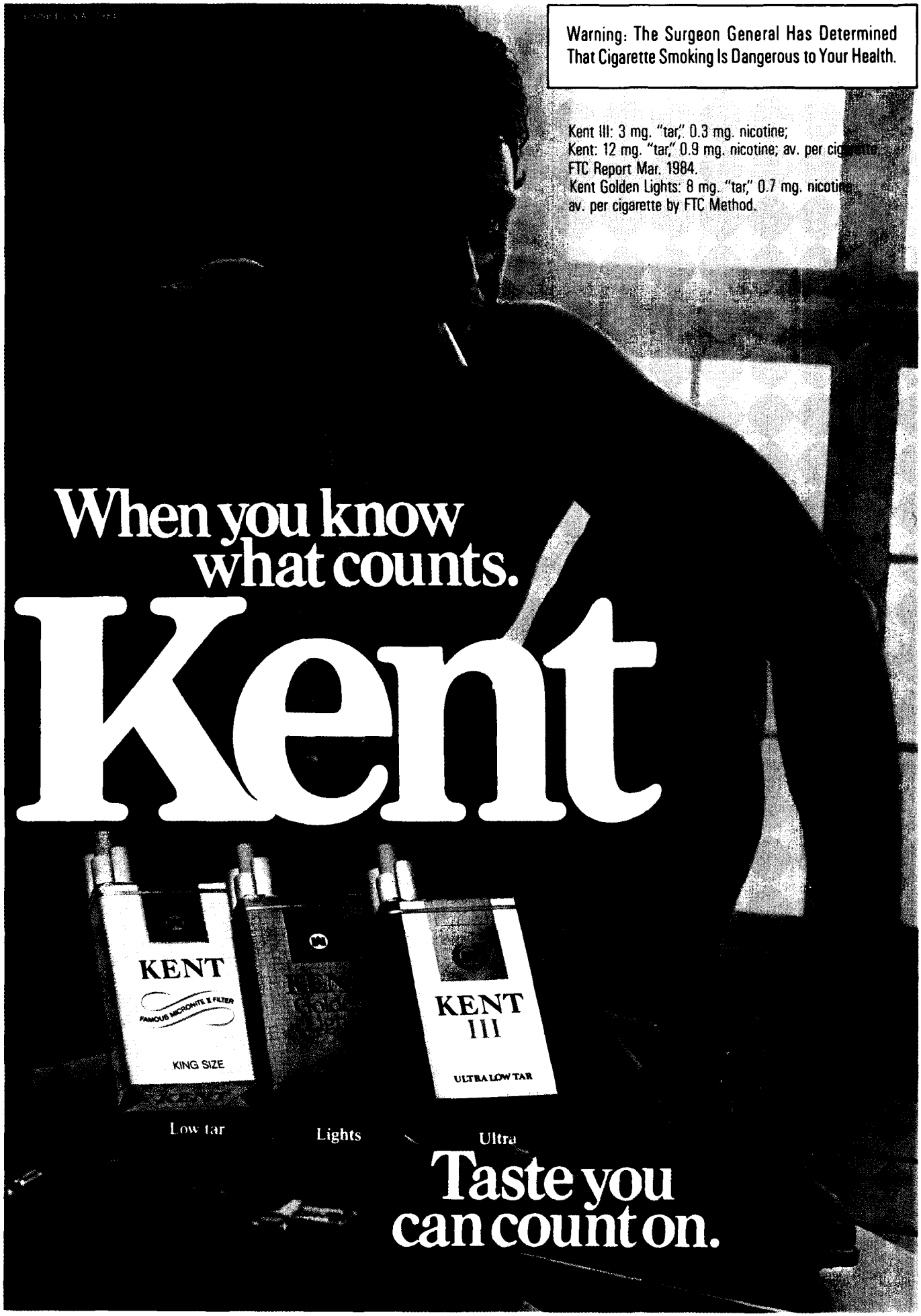
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